

CURRENT ANECDOTES

AND METHODS OF CHURCH WORK.

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ILLUSTRATIONS FROM LIFE.

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IDLENESS A CURSE. (157)

Prov. 22: 29.

A young man, son of an honored deceased minister, killed himself lately in New York. A graduate of Princeton College, he had an income of twelve hundred dollars a year. No bad habits or evil associations were attributed to him, but at twenty-seven he had nothing to do and became melancholy. "Doing nothing is killing me," he said, and it did. Man is built for work as plainly as is a locomotive, and every faculty in him is fitted for action. His energies must find an outlet through service, and then they will keep sweet and leap through him like rich blood through the veins; but being shut up within him his energies will stagnate and breed bitterness and death. That gifted young man would have been useful and happy if he had only hitched his powers to some task and then done with his might what his hand found to do. But doing nothing with twelve hundred dollars a year to do it on killed him.

GOLDEN RULE IN BUSINESS. (159)

Ps. 37: 21.

Nathan Strauss, the great New York merchant, when asked what had contributed most to his remarkable career, said: "I always looked out for the man at the other end of the bargain." What a lesson these words contain for the young man of today who thinks that long-headedness, shrewdness, cunning and sharpness are the only success-qualities worth cultivating! Mr. Strauss says that, if he got a bad bargain himself, he could stand it, even if his losses were heavy, but that he could never afford to have the man who dealt with him get a bad bargain. He felt that his own loss, however great, might possibly be repaired; but that, if a man who had dealings with him should lose, or be deceived thereby, nothing could ever compensate him (Mr. Strauss). For this, as his character would be permanently injured.—Success.

HIGHER CRITIC'S TEST. (160)

As to the Biblical narrative regarding the swallowing of Jonah, Mr. Frank T. Bullen says a sperm whale could comfortably swallow a dozen Jonahs. Mr. Bullen ought to know at least as much on this point as some of the higher critics who have not, as has he, spent a good part of an extended sea-faring life whaling in the South Seas. We presume that if a Bible student of the very advanced school were overboard in the near vicinity of a "sperm whale" his ideas as to the possibility of a man being swallowed by a fish might change very rapidly. The critics are so fond of disproving Scripture, they should by all means try this experiment.

WOULD PREACH CHRIST, BUT— (158)

Rom. 14: 5; 1 Pet. 3: 14.

Some queer candidates for the ministry are sometimes sent out from theological seminaries. A student from Union Seminary, in New York, appeared before the Wooster (Mass.) Congregational Association for licensure. Upon examination "the candidate was unable to find sufficient ground for a positive belief in immortality, although he would not deny the possibility of immortality. Upon being asked how he explained the evident belief of Christ and of Paul in immortality, he replied that he did not feel compelled to agree with Christ or Paul at any point at which his convictions led in the opposite direction. He was refused a license to preach and was given six months to recant."

LARGEST BOOK IN THE WORLD. (161)

It transpires that during the siege of the legations at Peking vast numbers of Chinese books were burned. Professor Giles, author

of the History of Chinese Literature, which we have recently reviewed, who tells the story in the Nineteenth Century, deplores above all the destruction of the unique copy of the Yung Lo Ta Tien, the great encyclopedia of literature or history and science composed in the fifteenth century. Professor Giles describes this work, the composition of more than four thousand scholars, as extending to eleven thousand volumes, each half an inch thick. By the side of an encyclopedia which would require a shelf four hundred and fifty feet in length, the Britannica is dwarfed into insignificance.

WANTED DISTINGUISHED HELP. (162)

An undergraduate, called Wyndham, had to have a few sharp words said to him by the Head Master at "hand-shaking," that is, at the end of the term. After saying all he wanted, he finished in Latin: "Et nunc valeas Wyndhamme"—the last two syllables being pronounced with great emphasis. The master's regard for his own dignity was very great. Once, when returning from a solitary walk, he slipped and fell. Two under-graduates, seeing the accident, ran to assist him, and were just laying hands on him to lift him up, when he described a master of arts coming. "Stop," he cried—"stop, I see a master of arts coming down the street." And he dismissed the under-graduates with many thanks, and was helped on to his legs by the M. A.

LOOKING FOR TEMPTATION. (163)

Luke 21: 28; Phil. 4: 8; Heb. 12: 2.

It was first told of Dr. Jenkins, master of Balliol, that he once found fault with an under-graduate, because, whenever he looked out of window, he invariably saw the young man loitering about in the quad; to which the under-graduate replied: "How very curious, for whenever I cross the quad, I always see you, sir, looking out of window." A. I. Root, the apiarist, illustrated temptation by saying that it was like a puppy he had. If he left home and went up street busy thinking of something that the pup never seemed to follow him, but that if he didn't have anything to think of, and looked around to see if the pup was following, he almost invariably found him at his heels.

EMBELLISHED SOUND DOCTRINE. (164)

Matt. 5: 16; Titus 2: 10.

The recent death at the age of ninety-six of Francis Valentine Woodhouse, the last surviving apostle of the original twelve of the Catholic Apostolic Church, founded by Edward Irving, Thomas Carlyle's friend, the brilliant, mystical, enthusiastic and unbalanced Presbyterian preacher—from which denomination he was, however, expelled—serves to recall that picturesque preacher and his brilliant but erratic career. His commanding personality—he was of commanding form and six feet two in stature—and his power as a preacher are within the memory of men still living. Indeed, his utterances, fervid with a

rich imagination which found expression in florid eloquence, while still a legend, furnish no guide for preaching methods today; Walter Scott it was who said of his sermons that he "missed the chaste simplicity that is seemly in a religious discourse." Irving is now regarded as having been the victim of hallucination, and it would seem rightly so. But his must have been a rare character to have won from Thomas Carlyle the tribute: "His was the freest, brotherliest, bravest human soul mine ever came in contact with; I call him on the whole the best man I have ever found in this world, or hope to find."

TORN BOOKS AND TORN SOULS. (165)

Ps. 51: 10.

But these patches and artificial backbones are not nearly so remarkable as the plasters an expert binder applies to torn book leaves and sheets of music. As a specimen of his work, he showed a book leaf in perfect condition, which he said was torn almost across when brought to him. Without giving away trade secrets, Mr. Berwick told a little of his methods.

The leaf to be mended is first split in half, without injuring the text, so that there are two leaves instead of one. Then a plaster of filmy silk, resembling the finest kind of grenade veiling, is cut to the size required and pasted between the halves. The edges of the silk that protrude are trimmed off, and the leaf looks like any other leaf in the book, but feels slightly thicker.

When asked by what magic he split the leaf into two pieces, Mr. Berwick refused information, only making the mystery deeper by declaring that if the paper were not too thin he could split it in four pieces as easily as in two. Torn souls cannot be repaired unless they are willing to be separated—from sin and self.

JUDGE NOT. (166)

Matt. 7: 1; Rom. 14: 13.

Sir George Murray Smith in recently published reminiscences, relates this little anecdote concerning the first meeting of Thackeray and Anthony Trollope. Sir George says: "The principal contributors to the Cornhill Magazine met monthly at the proprietor's table and Thackeray always attended, though he was often in an indifferent state of health. At one of these dinners Trollope was to meet Thackeray for the first time and was eagerly looking forward to an introduction to him. Just before dinner I took him up to Thackeray and introduced him with suitable impressment. Thackeray curtly said, 'How do?' and to my wonder and Trollope's anger, turned on his heel! He was suffering at the time from an ailment which, at that particular moment caused him a sudden spasm of pain; though we, of course, could not know this. I well remember the expression on Trollope's face at that moment, and no one who knew Trollope will doubt that he could look furious on an adequate—and sometimes on an inadequate—occasion! He came to me the next morning in a very wrathful mood, and said

that, had it not been that he was in my house for the first time, he would have walked out of it. He vowed he would never speak to Thackeray again, and so forth. I did my best to soothe him; though rather violent and irritable, he had a fine nature with a substratum of great kindness, and I believe he left my room in a happier frame of mind than when he entered it. He and Thackeray afterwards became close friends."

ALL NOT FAIR IN WAR. (167)

During the campaign in South Africa last year General Baden-Powell tapped a telegraph wire and heard the Boer commander, Grobler, ask General Botha to send reinforcements at once, as the British had cornered him.

This story was related by the London papers, and Baden-Powell was much applauded for his strategy and good luck.

But one little girl, five years old, had opinions of her own concerning the exploit. She listened very attentively to the account of the proceeding and to the approving comments of the elder members of the family, and when they had finished she said, decisively:

"Well, I think it was very rude of him to listen."

MISTAKEN DEVOTION. (168)

A young probationer was preaching his trial sermon in the church in one of the inland villages of Scotland. After finishing the "discourse" he leaned over the pulpit and engaged in silent prayer—an act which rather surprised the congregation, who were unaccustomed to such procedure. Suddenly the young preacher felt some one slapping him gently on the shoulder, and on turning round he beheld the beadle, who said: "Hoot, toot, mon; dinna tak it sae muckle to heart; ye'll maybe dae better next time."

LIKE JESUS. (169)

Acts 4: 13; 1 Cor. 15: 49; Phil. 1: 21.

James Chalmers was a minister, a beautiful, bright saint. One day I went into a house where one of his people was bedridden. She had been in great pain for many years, and as I went in, I thought she looked ever so bright. I said, "You are better today." "Yes," she said, "you know, I have had Mr. Chalmers this afternoon, and, do you know, he never comes but when he is gone I think that is just how Jesus Christ would have come to see me. When he sits and looks at me, I think that is how Jesus would have looked; and when he opens his mouth and speaks to me, I think that is how Jesus would have spoken; and when he prays I can almost hear the very voice of my Master praying for me, and he always asks for the things that I think Jesus above everything else would like me to have. He never goes but he leaves behind the impression that it has been like a visit from Jesus. He reminds me of Jesus." Brethren, we are called of God to live in this world like Jesus, and be assured that as we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.—Rev. Samuel Chadwick.

THE DEVIL, GOD'S STRIKER. (170)

Is. 10: 5; 1 Tim. 1: 20; James 1: 2, 3; Rev. 2: 10.

A blacksmith's shop is one of the most attractive places in the world, but there was one thing I never could understand until it was explained to me. The blacksmith stands on one side of the anvil and the striker stands on the other. The blacksmith puts his iron into the fire and heats it red hot. Then he puts it on the anvil and holds it in one hand while in the other he has a little hammer. Opposite him stands the striker with the big sledge hammer. I never could make out what the little hammer was for until a blacksmith explained that with the little hammer he directs the blow of the striker. He turns the metal and he taps, "Strike there!" and down comes the big hammer. "Strike there!" and down comes the big hammer. "Another blow there!" and down comes the big hammer. The devil is God's striker, and God simply makes the devil sweat making you a saint. Instead of whining over your temptations, remember who holds you in his hand, who regulates the blow, who watches the making of that which is in his mind, and through the fire and the blows and the temptations in life God is moulding you into the image of his Son. All things work in harmony simultaneously to this one great end: that you may be like Christ.—Rev. Samuel Chadwick.

REVERSIBLE SPIRITUAL LAWS. (171)

2 Tim. 3: 13; 2 Pet. 1: 5-7.

When the late Clerk Maxwell was asked by a distinguished scientist what was the greatest scientific discovery of the previous half century he replied: "That the gramme machine is reversible: that is, not only will power produce electricity, but electricity will produce power. Either is convertible into the other. In the spiritual sphere there are many reversible laws. For example, knowledge leads to obedience: obedience leads to higher knowledge. Faith induces prayer; prayer induces faith. Gratitude impels to service; service quickens gratitude. Sin hardens the heart; a hardened heart leads to sin. In every department of spiritual experience cause and effect may be reversed, and the effect becomes in turn a cause and the cause an effect—so closely and indissolubly linked are all our moral and spiritual acts and states, character and conduct, habit and action.

Sin and prayer cannot live together in the same heart and life. The sin, if it continues to be indulged, will stifle the prayer, or the prayer, if it continues to be cherished, will grapple with and throttle the besetting sin. In so far, therefore, as there is a prayerful soul, there will be a careful life, a life of watchfulness and of comparative sinlessness. Let us therefore pray without ceasing.

THE CROWN FOR VICTORS. (172)

1 Cor. 9: 25; 2 Tim. 4: 8; James 1: 12; Rev. 3: 11.

The crown frequently appears in the New Testament, and especially in connection with the believer's final reward. The various ex-

pressions used are well worth noting, as they may have a special and separate significance which, taken together, give us the complete conception. The word used for crown, used in case of the believer, is never *διαδύμα*, but always *στέφανος*.

The diadem is the mark of royal dignity; the circlet or chaplet, is more appropriate, generally to saints, as it represents commonly a prize conferred on victors in the public games and elsewhere, and hence naturally suggests the rewards for service as distributed and conferred in the future life.

FAME AND RIGHTEOUSNESS. (173)

1 Sam. 2: 30; Prov. 10: 7; Mark 14: 9.

Bronze tablets have recently been placed in the "Hall of Fame," New York, containing the names of twenty-seven great Americans. Concerning these names some remarkable things are being said. Among them there is not one scoffer at religion. The majority were members of churches, and generally evangelical in their views. Washington, Peabody, General Lee, and Washington Irving were Episcopalians; Morse and Abraham Lincoln, Presbyterians; General Grant, Methodist; Whitney, a Quaker. Farragut, the famous naval commander, said: "God is my Leader, and in him I trust." On one occasion Lincoln said, "When first inaugurated, I did not love the Savior; but, when I stood on the field of Gettysburg, I gave my heart to Christ, and I can now say that I love him." Such facts are significant. At least they mean this, that true religion must be a potential factor in the formation of character in America.

Dr. Lyman told an anecdote to explain why he read his address. Two cross-eyed men ran into each other. "Why don't you look where you are going?" growled one. "Why don't you go where you are looking?" growled the other. With his manuscript, Dr. Lyman could look where he was going and go where he was looking.—Current Anecdotes.

WHAT GOD THINKS. (174)

Rom. 14: 2; 1 Cor. 4: 4; Heb. 4: 13.

Dr. Jewett, master of Balliol, was asked by a lady, "What do you think of God?"

"It matters little," he replied: "The one all important question is what he thinks of me!"

General Booth, being asked if he did not think the gospel was about played out, promptly replied: "Played out? It has not yet been played in!"

THE POPE AND THE OWL. (175)

In the council held in Rome by John XXIII the mass of the Holy Ghost had just been performed, and John, the Pope, was seated on his throne, when suddenly a frightful owl came screaming out of his hole and placed himself just before the Pope and stared him in the face with an intensified gaze. In a superstitious age of this adventure of a nocturnal bird in the full light of day led to many ominous speculations, some whispering that the Holy Ghost had taken a strange form in which to appear after the mass. It is said the Pope himself blushed and was in a great

sweat. He instantly arose and broke up the assembly; but at the next session again the owl appeared and in the same place and out-stared the Pope. More disturbed than ever, he called on the council to drive away the owl. But though they hunted him he would not go and at last was killed like an incorrigible heretic by their throwing at him their canes.

BELIEFS AND DOUBTS (176)

John 3: 19 and 7: 17; Rom. 1: 28.

Dr. C. F. Deems once said to the students at Northfield: "Believe your beliefs and doubt your doubts. Never make the fatal mistake of doubting your beliefs and believing your doubts." Much skepticism has its root in sin. Men "hold down the truth in unrighteousness" and do "not like to retain God in their knowledge." The great truths of the Bible are fought because they expose sin and threaten it with punishment. Men first make shipwreck of conscience, and then make shipwreck of faith. A belief is to be well examined before it is discarded; a doubt is to be well scrutinized before it is encouraged. He who seeks honestly to be godlike will find little to stumble over in the godlike teachings of Jesus of Nazareth. But he who would live a sinful and selfish life may well desire to believe that there is no God, no life beyond, and no judgment to come. The heart makes the theology.

"PRAISE THE LORD" IN SEASON. (177)

I have not much patience with people who think it is their duty to say "Praise the Lord" to everything that happens, and to shout "Hallelujah," amid the greatest trials; such natures are very shallow and superficial and very ignorant, as a rule. A woman died in my congregation once while I was preaching. died on the spot; came in healthy and well, and during the service she fell back and was carried out dead; she was taken into the vestry; they told me she was dead, but I kept straight on, and at the close of the service I went, feeling very sad about this poor man; what a great blow this must be. A great strapping fellow he was; he brought his wife to chapel and there he sat by her, and she was dead. He had never spoken from the time he went in there until I went and put my hand on his shoulder, and was going to say something comforting, but somehow I got a lump in my throat and I could not speak. I took his hand, and after a bit he spoke, and what do you think he said? "Praise the Lord. I have got two wives in heaven now." "Come along," I said, "let him alone," and in three months he had a third.—Rev. Samuel Chadwick.

SMALL-MEASURE CHRISTIANS. (178)

2 Kings 4: 6; Matt. 9: 29.

Dr. Charles A. Berry, in giving a charge to the church at the ordination of a young minister, once said: "You people will get out of my young brother what you expect, and you will expect what you pray for. Pray and expect, and you will get it." Then he used this homely but forceful illustration. He said: "We were giving soup away the other day to poor people, and we had issued a general in-

struction that the lads who came to fetch the soup should bring with them a vessel that should contain about two quarts of soup. I was at the soup kitchen, and saw a boy about eleven years of age, ragged and dirty, but with eyes that flashed fire, going into the soup kitchen lugging a vessel that would hold at least three gallons. We could not for shame put two quarts into that; we were simply bound to empty out a gallon into it at least. Now," said Dr. Berry to the people, "come and hear your minister. Do not bring a two-quart measure, bring a four-gallon measure." Oh, what it is to preach to men and women who have been praying for you. I know, thank God; I have had that experience. I used to stand and look into the faces of hundreds of men and women that had come from their knees. A man cannot help preaching then. Pray for your minister; stop your criticism; get on your knees, and the baptism of power and blessing will sweep over our churches.

"I AM WITH YOU." (179)

Gen. 28: 15; Matt. 28: 20.

Those four words, "I am with you," are the four words to be found at every great crisis of the history of believers from the days of Abraham to the days of Paul. When God called out to Abraham, from Ur of the Chaldees to go out knowing not whither. He assures him of his presence. To Jacob at Bethel he said, "I am with thee in all places whither thou goest." So when Isaac was going to Padan Aram, when Moses was going to Pharaoh, when Joshua was leading the people into the land of promise, when Gideon was going against the Midianites, and when Solomon was undertaking the kingdom. Over and over again in Isaiah we read, "Fear not, I am with thee." And now when Jesus Christ was leaving the great work of missions to his disciples he repeats this Jehovah promise, that threads the old Old Testament: "I am with you."

SEARCH LIGHTS

For Evangelistic or Revival Services.

By FREDERICK BARTON.

ONE MATCH—ONE LIFE. (181)

Matt. 16: 26; Heb. 9: 27.

Professor Drummond, in one of his brilliant addresses, related the following narrative: "I was crossing the Atlantic a short time ago, and one night some of the passengers and myself were talking to the captain, when he told us of an accident that had occurred to him in that neighborhood some years previously.

"He was in command of a vessel which had got thus far on her voyage, when the screw broke, and the engineer withdrew the shaft with the intention of repairing it, but the water rushed in through the hole; the bulkhead was not closed in time, and in a few minutes the ship began to sink, the boats were got out and the captain stepped into one laden to the gunwale; the night was dark and the sea so rough that it seemed impossible for the boat to live.

"After a while they saw the lights of an approaching steamer, but how could they signal it? They made search in the boat and found a battered lantern with an inch or two of candle in it, then they tried to find a match; every man felt in his pockets, but in vain, not a match was to be found. The captain bade them search again, and turn every pocket inside out, and at last out of some corner one match was produced. The man who found it handed it to the mate, the mate passed it to another officer, and he gave it to the captain, the sailors clustering around him, holding out the jackets to keep off the wind, and watching him with anxiety.

"The captain said he had faced many a difficulty and danger; but he never felt such responsibility as at that moment, when he had to strike the match; but he did it. The lantern was lighted, and when it was waved to and fro the ship saw the signal, altered its course, and picked them up. Now, what gave

such value to that match? It was the only one; and that it is which gives such value to your lives. Your life is the only one—if misdirected and lost you have no other in which to remedy the error."

GOD'S BLOSSOMS — GOD'S SOULS. (182)

Is. 55: 9-11; Mark 4: 28.

Blessings, Waiting For.—I stood one evening last summer watching the pure white flowers on a vine encircling the veranda. I had been told that the buds that hung with closed petals all day, every evening near sunset unfolded and sent out a peculiar fragrance. The miracle was more than I had anticipated. A feeling of silent awe possessed me as I saw bud after bud, as if under the touch of invisible hands, slowly fold back its leaves until the vine was filled with perfect blossoms, most beautiful and sweet. And I said, "If the finger of God laid upon these, His flowers, can do this in a way beyond the power of human study to explain, cannot the same Divine touch, in ways we know not of, do as much for human hearts? Shall the flowers teach us a lesson of patient waiting and holy trust for the coming blessing? There are hearts for whom we have prayed seeming closed as yet to every influence of the blessed Spirit. But let us be patient. We have sown the good seed; God's rain and sunshine through His own providences are nourishing the vine; the breath of prayer always surrounds it; surely by and by the Divine touch will in a way we can least understand bring forth the perfected flowers of His grace." —John Hall.

RESCUE OF A MOCKER. (183)

James 4: 13, 14.

Bandsman Bowers of Kew, Australia, was fishing in the Yara. A party of two men and

two young women in a boat passed him. Recognizing him to be a salvationist, one of the young fellows shouted out derisively to Bowers, "Save me!" Scarcely had they gone ten yards when the boat capsized, and its occupants were struggling for life in the water. Hastily throwing off his coat and boots, Bowers plunged into the river, for a momentary glance had shown him that none of the drowning people could swim. The women he knew would float until their skirts became saturated, and consequently he swam directly to the men and succeeded in bringing them both ashore. He then returned and rescued one of the women, but as he reached the shore he was horrified to see the remaining girl disappear. He again plunged in, succeeded in grasping her by the hair, and started for the shore. He was almost exhausted, however, and on the way broke a blood vessel, so that it was with extreme difficulty and suffering that he eventually saved her life. Sinner! you are out on life's uncertain waters. You jeer now, but any hour, any moment, the boat of business, or prosperity, or pleasure, or health, in which you are trusting, may capsize, and then only God, whom you reject and mock today, can be your deliverer! None can brave death's waters except the saved. Leap into the lifeboat tonight, and you shall in turn be a savior of others.

SIN FLOATS. (184)

Ezek. 18: 4; Num. 32: 23.

Many years ago, when the punishment for smuggling was death, a heavily laden vessel was nearing the British coast with its contraband cargo of tobacco, when the revenue cutter was seen bearing down upon it at full speed. It soon became evident that escape was impossible, and the captain ordered all hands below to throw the cargo overboard in order that thus they might destroy the evidence of their crime. The captain himself joined at the task. Bale after bale of tobacco was flung overboard.

After a time the cabin boy was sent up to see whether the government boat was gaining upon them. Almost immediately he returned, his face white with terror—speechless.

"Speak, boy, speak!" cried the captain. "What is the matter?"

"If you please, sir, they won't sink!" replied the boy.

With a bound the captain rushed up the companion ladder, and shading his eyes with his hands, he looked over the side of his vessel. There, stretching in one dark line, and reaching from his ship to the fast approaching revenue cutter were the bales of tobacco, floating upon the top of the waves as evidence of his guilt. His efforts to conceal his sin had been in vain. He was caught and had to suffer the penalty of the law.

UNUSED, WINGS. (185)

John 3: 3; Acts 4: 23.

There was a man out west who caught an eagle and had kept it in confinement for 17 years. At last having to move a distance he advertised to sell all his goods at auction, and that at the close of the sale he would liberate

this old eagle, captive for so long. People came for hundreds of miles to see the bird set free. The auction was over. Low clouds hung over the earth, dark and drear. The cage was opened, but the eagle did not move. His master called him. Still he stayed inside. At last his master pulled him out and with all his strength tried to push the bird toward the zenith. His great wings only spread to allow him to settle back to the man's shoulder. The man was nonplussed. Just then there shot through the clouds a bright beam of sunshine, straight to the eagle's eye. It was, an inspiration. Master and throng forgotten, the old spirit came back, and with great wings outspread it soared toward the sun.

POWER OF FAITH HISTORICAL. (186)

Matt. 13: 32; Mark 13: 31.

Christians generally do not consider Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" an authority concerning the spread and power of Christianity, but its author said a true word when he wrote: "Our curiosity is naturally prompted to inquire by what means the Christian faith obtained so remarkable a victory over the established religions of the earth. To this inquiry an obvious but satisfactory answer may be returned—that it was owing to the convincing evidence of the doctrine itself, and to the ruling providence of its great Author."

THE FINAL STEP. (187)

Rom. 8: 17.

For a number of years, a young girl had made her home with a family of wealth and influence. She enjoyed all the privileges of a daughter of the house, and was usually looked upon as such. "Has Mr. B— adopted you?" she was frequently asked. "No," she would reply; "I've never been quite willing to break off my family connections. Then, there isn't any use in it. I'm as well off as I am. I am just the same as a daughter." So she was for the time being, but when her benefactor died, she found that she was a penniless orphan. She had no claim to an inheritance.

There are a good many people who tell us that they are just as good as the children of God, though they have never been formally adopted into his family. They forget that it is only the children who are the heirs of God and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ.

"No, I am not a child of God," said a young student in an inquiry meeting, "but I always pray when I get into trouble, and that amounts to the same thing."

"When you need a new suit of clothes, or get into debt, to whom do you apply for money?" asked his friend.

"Why, to my father, of course."

"Why don't you apply to the banker down on the avenue? He has more money than any one I know of?"

"Because I am not his son, and have no claim on him."

"Then, remember that it is only the children of God who have the right to appeal to him for help."—The Lookout.

"LEAP" FROM THE SINKING SHIP. (188)

Jer. 8: 20; 2 Cor. 6: 2; Heb. 2: 3.

In shipwrecks the greatest difficulty is to get people to leap into lifeboats at the right moment. They feel safer on ship, though sure it is sinking, hold on to last, hoping it won't go down. [Picture here lifeboat drawing up to side of wreck—sailor shouting "Leap!"—woman with child in arms hesitates—boat sweeps past—chance gone—wave dashes over—woman lost.] Sinner, you are on the wreck of sin—know you are going down—others swept away right before your eyes—lifeboat of salvation once more draws near. Christ shouts, "Leap!"—the damned shout "Leap!"—the saved shout "Leap!"—your mother in heaven shouts "Leap!"—your own conscience cries "Leap!" (Lay it on heavy here.) You say you'll leap tomorrow? Your chance is gone.

HATRED OF SIN. (189)

Amos 5: 15.

All the world knows how the French people, at the conclusion of the Franco-Prussian war, refused to hold fellowship with their foes. I stood once in a rose-garden, in a little town in Brittany-by-the-Sea, and heard an old baronness, whose son, a general in the French army, had recently been slain in battle, relate how she had refused to accept the courtesies of Von Moltke in an apartment in a railway car. Her eyes flashed, her bosom heaved, her lips trembled while she told it. "But, Madam," said I, "why could you not accept courtesies even from your foe?" With a splendid and pathetic dignity she said, "Why, sir, his hands were red with the blood of my only son!" Would that we might manifest some of that spirit in our attitude toward sin! God hates it. God hates it with an utter loathing and abhorrence. How could it be otherwise? It nailed to the cross his well-beloved Son.

"COME UNTO ME." (190)

Matt. 11: 28.

"A man who owns a printing establishment told me this story the other day," said Commander Booth Tucker, while here, recently.

"A printer in hard luck staggered into my shop, and asked me for work. I told him I did not need help, but he begged so piteously, I decided to give him a chance to earn a meal.

"I gave him an old Bible and asked him to set the 11th chapter of Matthew in nonpareil. I saw he was very weak, and I asked him if he had had any breakfast. He said he had not eaten a bite in three days.

"I sent out and got some oat meal and coffee, and gave it to him. I did not think it best for him to break his long fast with a heavy meal.

"After he had eaten, the old man took his place at the case. He had been at work some time, when the 'devil' notified me that he had sat down and gone to sleep. I looked at him, and saw he had entered 'the sleep that knows no waking.' Death had come from inanition, the doctors said. His stomach had been unable to bear even the light food I gave him.

"The strange part of it was that when we took the printer's stick out of the old man's

stiffening fingers we found these were the last words he had set: 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

"The old printer had heard the call."

SAVING LIFE—SOULS. (191)

James 5: 20.

The average loss of life per annum throughout the entire domain of the service along the Atlantic and the Gulf from Maine to Texas, along the Ohio River and the shores of the Great Lakes, from California to the Strait of Fuca, is about equal now, with our increased commerce, to what used to occur on the New Jersey and Long Island coasts alone during the twenty years, preceding its organization. Formerly one out of every twenty-nine on wrecked vessels perished; now 112 out of 113 are saved. Most excellent work, this, our readers will agree with us, accomplished not for pay but largely out of love for humanity. Here again do we see a point of similarity between these good men and our spiritual life-savers.

FIRE IN YOUR HEART. (192)

1 Tim. 4: 2.

Conscience Stified.—One day there came down the river Mersey to Liverpool a cotton-laden ship which for the last ten days of her voyage had been on fire. By dint of skill and energy on the part of the captain and crew in battenning down the hatches and excluding all external air, the danger had been kept down. At length, however, when she was brought to anchor, the hold was opened up, and then the flames leaped out apparently all the more furiously from their long confinement, and she burned to the water's edge. So, my hearer, you may go through life covering up the hatchways of your conscience and keeping down its flames, and you may succeed for the time; but God himself will lay your bosom bare, and then its hidden fires of remorse will burst forth "fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell," yea, hell itself; and who shall be able to deliver you?—Dr. Wm. Taylor.

HEAVEN AND HELL. (193)

Acts 1: 25 and 4: 23; Rev. 21: 27.

There was to be a prize fight and a Sunday School picnic on the same day and two boats were waiting at the wharf to carry passengers to the respective places. Two men were late. One was going to the prize fight, the other to the picnic and they ran to catch their boat. The picnic boat was just shoving off from shore and the saloon-keeper man by mistake got on it and the picnic man by mistake got on the other boat. When the man who wanted to go to the picnic heard the swearing and saw the drinking and gambling and found that he was on the wrong boat he begged the captain to let him off but he would not. He had to endure the smoke and foul language. When the man going to the prize fight heard the singing and prayer and godly conversation and saw his blunder he pleaded with the captain to shove to shore, but he would not; then said he to the captain, "Let me off anywhere; put me on a rock—anywhere but here, for this is hell."

THE KING SAYS "COME." (194)

Matt. 22: 2, 3; Rev. 22: 17.

Sir Leonard Wood once visited the King of France and the King was so pleased with his company that he invited him to dine with him the next day.

Sir Leonard went to the palace and the King, meeting him in one of the halls, said, "Why, Sir Leonard, I did not expect to see you. How is it that you are here?"

"Did not your majesty invite me to dine with you?" said the astonished guest.

"Yes," replied the King, "but you did not answer my invitation."

Then it was that Sir Leonard Wood uttered one of the choicest sentences of his life. He replied, "A King's invitation is never to be answered, but to be obeyed."

ESCAPE FOR YOUR LIFE. (195)

Cor. 9: 24; Rev. 2: 10.

In the ancient games, the slaves ran for their lives, and only one could win. How they ran! The veins stood out like whiplashes! The muscles swelled with the tremendous exertion! The teeth were set; the eyeballs almost started from their sockets! The perspiration oozed from every pore! Then, after the fearful struggle for life, it proved all in vain for the vast majority. Only one was set free. The others strained every nerve and lost. Not so with those running the Christian race. None will fail who do their best. There is a laurel wreath for every one. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—M. W. Haynes.

PRECIPICE OF SIN. (196)

John 12: 35.

How often, as we hurry on to ruin, God sends some flash of light to show us our peril. And how foolish that a poor sinner will persistently close his eyes to such revelations, and hasten on to his death. A young cavalry officer had been commissioned by the Duke of Wellington to carry an important message along the passes of the Pyrenees. It was a dangerous undertaking. There was one very deep ravine, over which he must cross by a narrow wooden bridge. He thought he had reached it, but his horse refused to proceed. He coaxed it, and then lashed it with the broad side of his sword. It still refused to move forward, when a vivid flash of lightning revealed him his dangerous position; they were just on the verge of the awful ravine, and the bridge was several yards lower down. That flash of lightning saved him. O, that God's warning-lights might result in the salvation of our precious souls.

READY—FIRE. (197)

Acts 1: 8.

The Need of the Holy Spirit.—Suppose we saw an army setting down before a granite fort, and they told us that they intended to batter it down, we might ask them "How?" They point to a cannon-ball. "Well, but there is no power in that. If all the men in the

army hurled it against the fort, it would make no impression." They say, "No, but look at the cannon." "Well, but there is no power in that; it is a machine, and nothing more." "But look at the powder." "Well, there is no power in that; a child may spill it, a sparrow may peck it." Yet this powerless powder and powerless ball are put in the powerless cannon; one spark of fire enters it, and then in the twinkling of an eye, that powder is a flash of lightning, and that cannon ball is a thunder-bolt, which smites as if it had been sent from heaven. So it is with our church machinery; we have all the instruments necessary for pulling down strongholds; and oh, for the baptism "with the Holy Ghost and with fire!"—Arthur.

PLUCKING SIN FLOWERS. (198)

Mark 8: 36.

You have read of the boy who lost his life among the mountains of Switzerland. He was ascending a dangerous place with his father and the guides. The lad stopped on the edge of the cliff and said: "There is a flower I mean to get." "Come away from there," said the father, "you will fall off." "No," said he, "I must get another beautiful flower." As the guides rushed toward him to pull him back they heard him say: "I almost have it!" But he fell two thousand feet. Birds of prey were seen a few days after circling through the air and lowering gradually to the place where the corpse lay. How many are seeking the flowers of worldly pleasure upon the very precipice of eternity! "There is another flower I mean to secure, no matter what the risk may be," they say. Unspeakable folly!

FREEDOM NOT CULTURE. (199)

Ps. 34: 17.

"A man was going through a bird-fancier's place, and was examining with interest a fine collection of larks. He noticed one very quiet and sad-looking bird at the top of the cage, and asked the keeper what was wrong with it. 'Oh,' was the reply, 'it is going to die. It has never sung since we have had it.' 'Ah, what price do you put upon it?' 'Oh, sir, if you want a bird I would not recommend that one. It has never whistled a note since it has been here.' 'But what do you want for it?' he asked. A price was stated, and immediately the bird was bought.

"As its purchaser took it away he said to himself, looking at the bird, 'If you can sing I will make you.' He tried sugar, different kinds of seed, and shifted the cage from one situation to another, but it was of no use; the bird remained dumb. At last he said, 'I have only one more resource.' He took the bird out to the green fields, and opening the cage door, said to it, 'Now go! You are free.' The bird at first looked curiously at the door, as if it could scarcely realize that it was free, then looking up to its owner seemed to say, 'Am I really free?' then it spread its wings and flew away, and as it mounted higher and higher it opened its mouth and sent forth a perfect flood of song."

THE CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. (200)

Zach. 13: 1.

I once stood at the fountain of Neptune in the Piazza della Signore, Florence, Italy, and watched a white dove with soiled wings fly to the fountain. It ventured nearer and nearer. It placed itself under one little streamlet of water after another. Now it lifted one wing, then the other, and the cleansing waters were applied to it. It rested for a moment on some projection among the bronze work of the fountain, the spray still playing upon it, and then flew away into the sunlight. Do you never feel, amid the restlessness and discouragement, the weariness of life, that you would be more glad than words can tell for the cleansing of your spirit? And do all the teachings of the Holy Scriptures concerning the fountain of life and the love of God mean nothing?

DYING ALONE. (201)

Isa. 43: 2.

The chaplain of a Pennsylvania State prison once said to a friend that one of the most pitiful of the tragic sights he had seen there was the death of a big, burly young fellow who was serving out a term of ten years. "I only knew him as Number Sixty-Five," he said. "He had an attack of angina pectoris, and when the agony abated suddenly asked:

"Is there any hope for me?"

"The doctor, after a moment's hesitation, shook his head.

"How long?"

"But a brief time."

"From his pallet he could look through the cell window on a patch of dark sky.

"He stared at it and then cried out: 'I can't! I can't go out there alone! God is waiting.'

"I told him that God was merciful; but he would not listen, and cried out: 'Not alone! I can't go alone! Is nobody else dying in the jail? Send for my old father. He'll be glad to die with me.'

"I told him of Christ and his love, but he was deaf, and even when his breath was almost gone muttered again and again, 'I can't face God alone!'

"His father was sent for. He was an old man, near to the grave. He would gladly have died for the boy who had so cursed his life; but he could only stand, helpless as ourselves, listening to his son's moans of terror.

"At last the strong body lay still. The soul had gone alone to its Maker."

WILLING TO BE MAGNETIZED. (202)

John 12: 32 and 15: 5; Acts 1: 8.

One of the most interesting spectacles shown to visitors at Willett's Point, N. Y., suggests a lesson to Christians who want to know how to exert an influence on the unconverted. The source of power is not in themselves, but they must be near to it. The spectacle is that of a soldier placed in front of the huge magnet constructed by Captain King. This magnet is simply an old cannon around which copper wire ten miles in length is wrapped. When the electric current is sent through the wire, the gun becomes the

most powerful magnet in the world. The soldier is placed in front of the gun, and the current turned on. Instantly iron spikes and even cannon balls, which he could not lift, are attracted and attach themselves to his person. As he stands there every piece of metal within the sphere of the magnet is drawn to him, and he is covered with spikes, bayonets, and an endless variety of articles. It is not the man that draws them, but the magnet behind him working through him.

SICK SHEEP STRAY. (203)

Is. 53: 6.

An American, traveling in Syria, saw three native shepherds bring their flocks to the same brook, and the flocks drank there together. At length one shepherd arose and called out, "Men-ah! men-ah!" the Arabic for "follow me." His sheep came out of the common herd and followed him up the hillside. The next shepherd did the same, and his sheep went away with him, and the man did not even stop to count them. The traveler said to the remaining shepherd, "Just give me your turban and crook, and see if they will not follow me as well as you." So he put on the shepherd's dress and called out, "Men-ah! men-ah!" but not a sheep moved. "They know not a voice of a stranger." "Will your flock never follow anybody but you?" inquired the gentleman. The Syrian shepherd replied, "Oh, yes; sometimes a sheep gets sick, and then he will follow any one." Is it not so with the flock of Christ?—Christian Age.

THREE SAVED. (204)

Luke 15: 22-24.

Joy Over the Saved.—A few days after the wreck of the steamer Central America sent hundreds to a watery grave and plunged the nation in mourning a pilot boat was seen approaching New York. As the vessel neared the harbor the words, "Three more saved! Three more saved!" reached the nearest listeners. The tidings "Three more saved!" ran along the streets. The news boys left off crying the last murder and shouted, "Three more saved!" The porter threw down his load, busy salesmen dropped their goods, bookkeepers their pens, bankers their discounts, tellers their gold, and shouted, "Three more saved!" If cold and selfish men will thus stop short in the eager quest of gain or of pleasure, to let the voice of humanity speak out, and to express their joy that three fellow-beings have been rescued from the ocean depths, shall we deem it an incredible thing that the holy and loving denizens of heaven should rejoice when a sinner repents and is delivered from the abyss of hell?—Dr. Ide.

WHEN TO BECOME A CHRISTIAN. (205)

Matt. 19: 14.

"Mother," a little child once said, "mother, how old must I be before I can be a Christian?"

And the wise mother answered: "How old must you be, darling, before you love me?"

"Why, mother, I always loved you," and

she kissed her mother; "but you have not told me yet how old I shall have to be."

The mother made answer with another question: "How old must you be before you can trust yourself wholly to me and my care?"

"I always did," she answered, and kissed her mother again; "but tell me what I want to know."

The mother asked again: "How old will you have to be before you do what I want you to do?"

Then the child whispered, "I can now, without growing any older."

Then the mother said: "You can be a Christian now, my darling, without waiting to be older. All you have to do is to love and trust, and try to please the One who says: 'Let the little ones come unto me.' Don't you want to begin now?"

The child answered "Yes."

Then they both knelt down, and the mother prayed, and in prayer she gave to Christ her little one, who wanted to be his.—Our Country Church.

A \$2 SOUL. (206)

Matt. 16: 26.

A young girl inherited a diamond ring. She was very proud of the treasure. While sitting in church she would often flash the ring in the sunlight, and did not think much of worship. After awhile she found herself so fascinated with the ring that she became alarmed. It promised to take away her spiritual peace. So she took it to a jeweler and offered it for sale. He told her to call next day and he would name her a price. She called. The jeweler told her he was very sorry, but a close examination had disclosed the fact that the diamond was only an imitation, and he could pay her only two dollars. "Oh, dear," said the girl in great distress, "how near I came to selling my soul for two dollars!" Reader, are you sure you are not in danger of selling your soul for even a smaller price?—Epworth Era.

ONE THING LACKING. (207)

Ep. 2: 20.

A new bridge had to be built across a deep ravine in the mountains, through which, during winter and wet seasons, a large stream of water rushed. In summer and in dry seasons there was no water in it. After it was contracted for, a very convenient drought set in, much to the delight of the contractor and his men. It took many weeks to build, but at length, at six o'clock one evening, it was all finished except the key-stone. That night the contractor said to his men: "Men, work overtime tonight, and get in the key-stone; we don't know when the storm may come." The men replied: "No, there's not the shadow of a cloud in the sky; tomorrow will be fine," and they flung down their tools, and left. The contractor went home with the burden of a heavy foreboding of disaster lying on his heart. At five o'clock next morning the wind rose, the clouds gathered dark and thick, and before six o'clock a water-spout broke on the mountain-top. The ravine was flooded with

water, which washed away the wooden supports of the bridge, and it fell, all for want of a key-stone. Have you put Christ as the key-stone into your life? or are you depending on insufficient supports which will be washed away when the storm of death assails you?—The Christian Herald.

FROZEN TO A CARCASS. (208)

Heb. 2: 1.

A gentleman standing by Niagara saw an eagle light upon a frozen lamb encased in a floating piece of ice. The eagle stood upon that dead carcass and feasted upon it as it was "drifting" on towards the rapids. Every now and again the eagle would proudly lift his head into the air to look around him, as much as to say I am "drifting" on towards danger, but I know what I am doing; I will fly away and make good my escape before it is too late.

When he neared the falls he stooped and spread his powerful wings and leaped for his flight; but alas! alas! while he was feasting on that dead carcass his feet had frozen to its fleece. He leaped and shrieked and beat upon the ice with his wings until the ice-frozen lamb and eagle went over the falls and down into the foam and darkness below.

This is the picture of every soul that is playing with and feasting upon sin. Many a young man intends after a little more indulgence in, to turn from his sins and be saved; but alas! when he would turn he finds himself flattered by sinful habits, his affections have been poisoned by sin, his will paralyzed, his soul has frozen to the decaying mass of rottenness upon which he has been feasting. Turn, my young friend, ere it be too late.

GRACE AND MORALITY. (209)

Titus 3: 5.

Said the noble Ralph Erskine when he saw a robber led to execution: "But for restraining grace I had been brought to this same condition." Said John Bradford, the English martyr, when he saw a man going to Tyburn to be hanged for crime: "There, but for the grace of God, goes John Bradford." The devout Samuel Marsden, the New Zealand missionary, had been basely slandered by some bigoted enemies; he replied to a friend who had reported to him the slander: "Sir, these men do not know the worst; if I should walk through the streets with my heart laid bare, the very boys would pelt me." "I have never heard of any crime," says Goethe, "which I might not have committed." Says Thomas Shepard: "There is never a wicked man almost in the world, as fair a face as he carries, but hath at sometime or other committed some secret villainy that he would be ready to hang himself for shame if others did know of it."

DEVIL'S SWEEPS. (210)

Luke 15: 20.

There is a story in English history of a child of one of our noble houses who, in the last century, was stolen from his home by a sweep. The parents spared no expense and

trouble in their search for him, but in vain. A few years later the lad happened to be sent by the master into whose hands he had then passed to sweep the chimneys in the very house from which he had been stolen while too young to remember it. The little fellow had been sweeping the chimney of one of the bedrooms, and fatigued with the exhausting labor to which so many lads, by the cruel customs of those times, were bound, he quite forgot where he was, and flinging himself upon the clean bed dropped off to sleep. The lady of the house happened to enter the room. At first she looked in disgust and anger at the filthy black object which was soiling her counterpane. But all at once something in the expression of the little dirty face, or some familiar pose of the languid limbs, drew her nearer with a sudden inspiration, and in a moment she had clasped once more in her arms her long lost boy. Even so tonight, if you are repentant, God will not wait for you to put on the ring, and the shoes, and the best robe before running to embrace you. In your rags he can recognize you for his own prodigal son. The encrusted defilement of the world he can remove, and can bring out once more the brightness of his own image.

✓ ACCORDING TO HIS FAITH. (211)

Ps. 34: 7; Rom. 8: 28.

Quite lately a large number of Russian criminals were standing in the court yard of their prison, chained together, and about to start for their long, sad journey into the Siberian wilds. Among them was one Christian man sharing their banishment and punishment, simply because he had spoken to his fellow-workmen about the faith that made him count all things as dross for Christ's sake. His fellow-prisoners were jeering him about it, saying, "But you are no better off than we are. You are wearing the handcuffs as we do; if your God is of any use to you, why doesn't he knock off your chains and set you free?" The man replied fervently, "If the Lord will, he can set me free, even now." At that moment a voice was heard calling him by name, and telling him that a paper had been just received, granting him a full pardon. He was then told to stand aside, and his chains were struck off. It is said that the prisoners were perfectly awe-stricken and solemnized with the impression of what they had witnessed. It transpired afterward that a Christian lady in a high position, who took an interest in this poor laboring man, had asked and obtained pardon.—London Christian.

A SCARLET THREAD. (212)

Zech. 4: 10.

A tall chimney had been completed, and the scaffolding was being removed. One man remained on top to superintend the process. A rope should have been left for him to descend by. His wife was at home washing, when her little boy burst in with "Mother, mother, they've forgotten the rope, and he's going to throw himself down!" She paused; her lips moved in the agony of prayer, and she rushed forth. A crowd was looking up at the poor man, who was moving round and

round the narrow cornice, terrified and bewildered. It seemed as if any moment he might fall or throw himself down in despair. His wife from below cried out, "Take off thy stockings; unravel the worsted," and he did so. "Now tie the end to a bit of mortar, and lower gently."

Down came the thread and a bit of mortar, swinging backward and forward. Lower and lower it descended, eagerly watched by many eyes; it was now within reach, and was gently seized by one of the crowd. They fastened some twine to the thread. "Now, pull up."

The man got hold of the twine. The rope was now fastened on. "Pull away again." He at length seized the rope and made it secure. There were a few moments of suspense, then amid the shouts of the people he threw himself into the arms of his wife, sobbing: "Thou'st saved me, Mary!" The worsted thread was not despised; it drew after it the twine, the rope, the rescue!

Ah! my friend, thou may'st be sunk very low down in sin and woe; but there is a thread of divine love that comes from the throne of heaven, and touches even thee. Seize that thread. It may be small, but it is golden. Improve what you have, however little, and more shall be given. That thin thread of love, if you will not neglect it, shall lift you up to God and glory. "Who hath despised the day of small things?"—Newman Hall, D.D.

BY THEIR FRUITS. (213)

Matt. 7: 16.

It is related of the famous artist, Gustave Doré, that when he was traveling from one country to another in Europe he lost his passport, which was then required to be shown by every traveler. He was very anxious to cross the border that day. So he said to the police, "I am very sorry, but I have lost my passport; I hope you will let me pass without it. All I can say is, that I am the artist, Doré." "Oh," was the reply, "you cannot deceive us. Many persons try to pass, claiming to be some distinguished character." But Doré entreated and insisted, and so an officer finally said, "Well, we will very soon see whether you are Doré or not. Take this pencil and paper and sketch that group of peasants standing there." It took but a few moments for the great artist to make the picture, and in such a masterly manner was it done, that the officer was at once convinced. So, today, when men profess to be Christians, the world says, "Let us see whether you are or not; what do ye more than others?" "Yet by their fruits ye shall know them."

FRUITFUL AND BARREN. (214)

Is. 35: 7 and 44: 3; John 7: 38.

When I was out in California, the first time, I went down from the Sierra Nevada mountains and dropped into the valley of the Sacramento. I was surprised to find on one farm that everything was green, all the trees and flowers; everything was blooming and everything was green and beautiful, and just across the hedge everything was dried up and there was not a green thing there, and I could not understand it. I made inquiries, and I found

that the man that had everything green irrigated. He just poured the water right on and he kept everything green, while the fields that were next to his were as dry as Gideon's fleece, without a drop of dew. And so it is with a great many in the church today. . . . They can sit next to a man who is full of the spirit of God, who is like a green bay tree, and who is bringing forth fruit, and yet they will not seek a similar blessing. Why? Because God has poured water on him that was thirsty.—Moody.

A CLOGGED CHANNEL. (215)

Matt. 5:6; John 7:38.

Out in Colorado they tell of a little town nestled down at the foot of the hills—a "Sleepy-Hollow" village. But some enterprising citizens ran a pipe up the hills to a lake of clear, sweet water. As a result the town enjoyed a bountiful supply of water the year 'round without being dependent upon the rainfall which you know is very slight out there. And the population increased and the place had a regular western boom. One morning the housewives turned the water spigots, but no water came. There was some sputtering. There is apt to be noise when there is nothing else. The men climbed the hill. There was the lake full as ever. They examined around the pipes as well as possible, but could find no break. Try as they might, they could find no cause for the stoppage. And as days grew into weeks, people commenced moving away again, the grass grew in the streets, and the prosperous town was going back to its old sleepy condition, when one day one of the town officials received a note. It was poorly written, with bad spelling and grammar, but he never cared less about writing or grammar than just then. It said in effect: "Ef you'll jes pull the plug out of the pipe about eight inches from the top you'll get all the water you want." Up they started for the top of the hill, and dug into the pipe, and found the plug which some vicious tramp had inserted. Not a very big plug—just big enough to fill the pipe. It is surprising how a large reservoir of water can be held back by how small a plug. Out came the plug; down came the water freely; by and by back came prosperity again.

Why is there such a lack of power in our lives? The reservoir up yonder is full to overflowing, with clear, sweet, life-giving water. And here all around us the plain is so dry, so thirsty for those waters! And the connecting pipes between the reservoir above and the parched plain below are there. Why then do not the refreshing waters come rushing down? The answer is very plain. You know why. There is a plug in the pipe.—S. D. Gordon.

A ST. BERNARD CHRISTIAN. (216)

Luke 19:10.

There is a touching story told in the Temple Magazine by the Rev. Dr. R. H. Conwell, of a visit to the hospice of St. Bernard, where are kept the wonderful St. Bernard dogs, of whose work of rescuing perishing travelers overtaken by the Alpine storms so many tales are familiar to all. "One morning after a

storm," says Dr. Conwell, "one of those great, honest creatures came struggling through the snow, hampered greatly in his exhausted condition by the miniature barrel of brandy that hung to his collar. I waded deep in the drifts following the floundering old fellow around the hospice to the kennel, which was a room of considerable size. When the door opened to the wanderer the other dogs within set up a chorus of barks and whines, and fell over one another as they crowded about him and eagerly followed him around with wags of their tails and inquisitive looks in their eyes, which were just as intelligent questionings as so many interrogation points. But the crestfallen beast held his head and tail to the floor,* and sneaked about from corner to corner, and finally lay down, panting, in a dark niche in the stone basement. He lay there with his eyes glancing out at the corners in a most shamefaced way. The young monk called the weary dog by name, and when the beast would not leave his shadowy retreat, the priest tried to induce him to come forth by showing him a dish containing scraps of meat. But, hungry as he was, he merely opened his eyes a little wider, rapped the floor once or twice lightly as he gave a feeble wag to his tail, and then shrank back and seemed not to hear or see the invitation. The impatient keeper turned away with an angry gesture, and said that the dog would get over his sulks very soon, and that the creature probably felt ashamed that he 'had not found any one.'"

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THE BIRTH OF OUR HYMNS.

Song Service No. 2.

By H. K. HILBERRY.

(For other stories, see page 303, April, 1901, Current Anecdotes.)

One of our great hymn writers has left behind him a stanza that reads like this:

In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Now I do not know of how many churches this statement is true. But if it is true of any, that formality is choking the life out of us, it would be well if we might discover a remedy. It would be easy for us to suggest that the remedy lies in the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the churches, and yet if there is a spiritual dearth there is a reason for it, and if that cause be removed then the old power will flow through the old channels. I am becoming more and more convinced that most of the indifference without, and much of the formality within the church is due to ignorance pure and simple. In no department of religious life is this more clearly seen than in the singing of our hymns.

You have upon your shelves before you many, perhaps most of the world's great orations, words which have turned the current of the world's affairs into the broad channels in which they now flow. Great masterpieces they are. Wonderful children of the human mind. Yet great as they are, I question if, in an hour of weariness, we should sit down with a volume of orations before us, hoping thereby to stimulate our mental faculties, we would not close the book disappointed. To properly appreciate any great production, there are certain things which we must know and certain things which we must be able to do. We must know something of their parentage. We must appreciate something of the agony of soul that brought them forth. We must see again that tumultuous sea of upturned faces, eager, anxious, angry, determined. We must feel again those things which men feel who realize that they stand in the presence of a great crisis and that they themselves are responsible for the trend affairs shall take. Then and only then, do these orations become things of life and not mere tinsels of fancy, mere pictures of things that never were. Even so it is with our great hymns.

Mr. Beecher has said: "Hymns are the exponents of the innermost piety of the church. They are the jewels which the church has worn, the pearls, the diamonds, the precious stones, formed into amulets more potent against sorrow and sadness than the most famous charm of wizard or magician. And he who knows the way that hymns flowed knows where the blood of true piety ran and can trace its veins and arteries to the very heart."

To "know the way that a few of these hymns have flowed" is the subject of this paper.

I. Our first song carries us back three centuries and a half to the little German village of Mittenwalde. Here at the close of the

Thirty Years' War Paul Gerhardt began his ministry. He was soon called to Berlin, but in 1666 he was deposed for his religious beliefs and ordered into exile. Homeless, penniless, and for ought he knew, friendless, he and his accomplished wife started on their sad journey out of Germany. One night they came to a little inn near the German frontier; here the wife, weary, homesick and discouraged, broke down utterly. Gerhardt, unable to endure the sight of her sorrows, left her weeping and went out into the garden to quiet his own heart. There in the quiet of that little German garden, with no gleam of hope in all his earthly sky, he breathed into the world his great hymn—

Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure trust and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

Who points the clouds their course,
Whom wind and sea obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

And God honored his faith, for that night two horsemen drove up to the inn and inquired for Paul Gerhardt. They came from Duke Christian of Merseburg offering him a home in that city and settling a pension upon him. So closed in peace and quietness the darkest day of all his earthly pilgrimage.

II. In the early part of the last century Dr. Cæsar Malan, an earnest missionary worker of Geneva, Switzerland, was spending some time in the little town of Torquay, in Devon. The light of the Elliott home where he was being entertained was a young daughter, Charlotte. Dr. Malan was led one evening to ask her concerning her personal religious experience, and his question was answered with not a little show of resentment. A few days later, however, she came to him again, apologized for her rudeness, told him she could not find God, and asked her friend to help her. The good missionary's reply was "Come to Him just as you are." It was this reply which led Charlotte Elliott to a personal experience of the love of God. It was this reply that inspired that hymn, which in the last century has brought a host of men and women to a right decision.

Just as I am without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
Oh Lamb of God I come.

Illustrations of the power of this hymn to uplift men are almost numberless. There is scarce a congregation in all the land that does not contain some soul that has found God in the singing of this song.

III. We have already seen how some of our most helpful hymn literature has been poured from the furnace of affliction and sor-

row. Grave physical dangers have likewise had their part. In 1740 Charles Wesley was crossing the Atlantic from America to England. They were overtaken by a fearful storm. Wesley writes thus concerning it: "At four o'clock the storm was at its height. The vessel took so much water that the captain, finding it impossible otherwise to save the ship, cut down the mizzen mast. In this moment I bless God; I found comfort and hope and such joy as the world can neither give nor take away." As a result of this experience, Wesley wrote the hymn which has been the dying prayer of thousands who have lost their lives in the great deep:

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.

Perhaps the most beautiful illustration that we have of the influence of this song among mariners, may be found in Marianne Farningham's touching poem entitled "The Last Hymn," the first verse of which reads:

The Sabbath day was ending in a village by the sea,
And they rose to face the sunset in the glow-
ple tenderly,
And they rose to face the sunset in the glow-
ing lighted west,
Then they hastened to their dwellings for
God's blessed boon of rest.

(See page 353, May, 1901, Current Anecdotes.)

(This is a very effective poem to have recited in connection with a service of song.)

IV. It may seem strange that two of our great hymns should originate in the rough little country of Devon, far from the cultivated circles of England, but so it is. In 1823 Henry Francis Lyte entered upon the Curacy of Bixham. Here among the poor and rough and degraded he labored until death came. We have no time to discuss any of the phases of this brilliant scholarly life, so lavishly poured out for the poor. Nor need we speak of his long struggle with disease. Only one of his many noble songs can we dwell upon. In 1847, before the winter's shadows had settled on the coasts of Devon, he saw that if his life would be prolonged he must go to Italy. With his heart burdened for the people whose life had so largely become a part of his, realizing that already he had gone far down into the valley among the shadows of death, he wrote his song of life's eventide,

Abide with me: fast falls the eventide.
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, Oh abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to
the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee;
In life, in death, Oh Lord, abide with me.

He sleeps now at Nice, and we are told that in these days not a few tourists have sought

out his grave to leave some little token in memory of the man whose dying song brought them to Christ

V. Now let us turn to our missionary hymns. We would naturally expect that our great missionary masterpieces would come from men full of missionary zeal, and so it is. That splendid hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountain," is really the spontaneous outpouring of a heart on fire with missionary enthusiasm. Reginald Heber, while visiting his father-in-law, Dr. Shipley, a pastor in Wales, one Saturday evening, was sitting with the family when Dr. Shipley turned to him and asked him to write a hymn on missions, to be sung in his church on the morrow. Heber retired but shortly returned with the first three verses of our song as we have it. These he read, but still dissatisfied he retired again and added that clarion call to mission as we find it in the closing verse,

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole.
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

This prayer he sealed seven years later with his own brilliant young life, in the rich mission fields of India.

VI. Five years ago the Prince of Wales (now Edward VII of England), in answering the question as to what his favorite hymn might be, said: "I know of none more touching nor one that goes more truly to the heart than the hymn, 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.'" A few weeks ago our beloved President McKinley lay dying, and almost the last word that escaped his lips was a quotation from this same hymn—

"E'en though it be a cross, that raiseth me,"

The hymn was written by Sarah Flower Adams, a Unitarian. Her father and mother first met in Newgate Goal, where her father served a six months' sentence for defending the French Revolution, and for criticizing the politics of some of his church superiors. Whatever men may think of the author's theology, no one can question the spirituality of a woman who, in an hour of trouble and perplexity, could write,

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
Still by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Few indeed are the songs that have so reached the heart of this great suffering world. From the president of a great nation dying, while the world waits in breathless silence, to the old saint of God waiting, yonder in her Arizona hovel, in poverty and wretchedness, for death to come; from the king upon his throne, to the little drummer boy, wounded unto death; all know it but to love it.

VII. In conclusion, let me call your attention to the origin of what has been declared to be "one of the best poetic expressions of Christian brotherhood in the English language."

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love.

John Fawcett, the author of this hymn, in 1772, after a seven years' pastorate at Winsgate, received a call to become the pastor of a prominent Baptist church in London. His goods were packed and on the wagons ready for removal. His weeping parishioners came to bid him goodbye. Into the empty house the pastor and his wife at last withdrew. "John," said the tender-hearted woman, "I cannot bear this! I know not how to go!" "Nor I either," said the good man, "nor will we go." The goods were returned to their places and Fawcett settled down to his work again on a salary of less than two hundred dollars a year. With this picture in mind,

how much we can read between the lines in such stanzas as these:

We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

So much for the past; as we look to the future we know that the time of trial, the time of sorrow will surely come, the hours of groping in darkness, the hours of sundered friendship, and yet how thankful we ought to be to God, to know that the same experiences which these great hearts enjoyed are for each of us. While we may not breathe our experiences out in immortal song, still we may know in all circumstances the peace that passeth all understanding, and "find ourselves," in God.

STORIES OF HYMNS.

By FREDERICK BARTON.

The Ram's Horn some time since gave its readers an opportunity to express their preferences as to their favorite hymns. Those receiving the largest number of votes were:

- No. 1. Nearer, My God, to Thee.
- No. 2. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.
- No. 3. Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me.
- No. 4. Just as I Am, Without One Plea.
- No. 5. What a Friend We Have in Jesus.
- No. 6. Abide With Me, Fast Falls the Eventide.
- No. 7. Sweet Hour of Prayer.
- No. 8. There Were Ninety and Nine.
- No. 9. How Firm a Foundation.
- No. 10. Saved by Grace.

* * *

"NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE."

"As a writer, as a poet, there were few in the literary world of London (in the forties) who had not heard of Sarah Flower Adams, the gifted woman to whom all Christendom today pays homage in its love for her immortal hymn, 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,'" writes Clifford Howard in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. "It was written in 1840, and had subsequently been set to music by Eliza Flower, and included in a collection of hymns written and composed by the two sisters. Only within that year had their book of 'Hymns and Anthems' been published, and the hymn that was destined to inspire the world had then been heard but once or twice, and within the walls of a single church—South Palace Chapel, London.

"It was not, however, until after the year 1860, when the present well-known tune was composed for it by Dr. Lowell Mason, of New York, that the hymn attained its widespread popularity. Up to that time it had attracted but little notice. Through the spirit of Dr. Mason's sympathetic music it was quickened into glorious life and brought within the reach of every congregation and every

Christian soul. But this was long after the author of the hymn had passed away. She died in 1848, without knowing of the triumph and the glory that awaited her work. Her grave in the little village of her birth is unmarked by any monument to her fame." In connection with the comments as to this Unitarian hymn being so widely used by Christian denominations, it should be noted that it required Christian music to make it useful.

* * *

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE, AND THE MATCHLESS WORTH.

The president of the King's Daughters, Mrs. Margaret Bottome, recently wrote for the *New York Evangelist* a report of an address by Dr. Cuyler in which he told the story of some of our sacred songs. She says:

"I never felt that I knew the author of 'My Faith Looks Up to Thee,' until Dr. Cuyler pictured the author, as he told Dr. Cuyler, 'all on fire when he wrote it,' carrying it about nearly a year in his pocket, until one day Mr. Mason met him and said, 'Mr. Palmer, you write verses sometimes; I want a new hymn; won't you write one for me?' and Dr. Palmer took the hymn from his pocket and said, 'If this will do, you can have it.' A few days after Mr. Mason said to him, 'Doctor, you may live to write a great many hymns, but you will never write the equal of the one you gave me the other day,' and Mr. Mason was right.

"I did not know that the hymn I am so fond of,

O, could I speak the matchless worth,
O, could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Savior shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine—

was written by a sailor who had been con-

verted, and who was so filled with the love of Christ, that he found some place where he could gather the poor people together, and preach to them; and he would write hymns, and have them printed in a crude way, and give them to a poor woman, who sold them for a penny apiece, as she sat on the doorstep as the people came out, and thus she supported herself."

* * *

THE WHOLE REALM OF NATURE.

An only son went as a missionary to the Congo, and after a short but faithful service he died. "Who will break the news to his mother?" said the friends. One undertook the task, and afterwards asked her: "Had you another son, would you give him to the mission field?" The lady looked up, her face shining with heaven-born love, and simply answered—

"Were the whole realm of nature mine.

That were a present far too small,

Love so amazing, so Divine,

Demands my soul, my life, my all."

* * *

LAND THAT IS FAIRER THAN DAY.

The great Prentiss, having spent his fortune foolishly and become a habitual drunkard, went on the front steps of a hotel to view the surroundings for the last time before committing suicide. And while he was standing there a little girl came tripping along singing sweetly:

"There's a land that is fairer than day,

And by faith we can see it afar;

For the Father waits over the way,

To prepare us a dwelling place there."

He was so much impressed by the sweet voice of the child, the strange words of the hymn and the contentment of the little girl, as she poured out her song, that he followed at her heels till they were both in a Sunday school. He did not commit suicide as he had planned to do. A new impulse moved him in a new direction.

* * *

MOODY ENLARGED THE HEAVENLY CHOIR.

Harper's Weekly rang true in the following tribute:

"One of the few complaints of Mr. Moody that his death has called out is made by the Providence Journal, which says that the influence of the Moody and Sankey movement on music has been deplorable. 'Gospel Hymns,' it notes, has had an enormous sale, and has done more than any other publication to vitiate popular taste. No doubt there is truth in that. Neither the words nor the music of most of the Moody and Sankey hymns is adapted to edify the cultivated intelligence. The best that can be said of them is that they were suited to their purpose, and have doubtless served it far more effectively than if they had been better verse set to better music. It might be surmised further that the singers of the 'gospel hymns' probably have better prospects of having their musical taste improved and perfected in a future state of existence than if there had been no 'gospel hymns' for them to sing."

OH, TO BE NOTHING.

One not infrequently sees witty and disparaging words, even in some religious papers, concerning the hymn, "Oh, to be Nothing."

This hymn was composed by a young woman after she had endured an ordeal such as few mortals are doomed to confront. She was, from her birth, blessed with an almost exhaustless fund of health, vitality, and vivacity. While yet in her teens she became interested in the life and career of Florence Nightingale. To her she was the highest ideal of womanhood, and, to lift her own life to a like standard, she secured a position in the training school for nurses connected with a London hospital. There she made a record for indomitable energy and tireless devotion which has rarely been approached.

On the 10th of August, 1869, a man, enormous in proportions and muscle, was brought to the hospital in a dying condition from an apparent fatal fall. A rapid examination convinced the head surgeon that his only hope lay in the speedy and perilous operation. The most skilled members of the staff were summoned, including our heroine, the only one of her sex selected. She was among the first to report. Never had she appeared to better advantage. She stood among those trained surgeons a female athlete, her face serious and pitiful, her manner and pose the most self-reliant and unperturbed of all. The first insertion of the keen steel broke the spell of the artificial sleep, and the patient, like an aroused Samson, rose and threw his enormous bulk on the operator, crushing him to the floor with his breast and arm, his huge limbs still remaining upon the operating table. All of the assistants stood panic-stricken and bewildered save our heroine, who proved equal to the critical emergency. Dropping the bowl in her hand, she slipped between the patient and the prostrate surgeon; and bracing herself on one bent knee and the other foot, she began slowly to force the patient back to the operating table, on which his trunk and limbs half rested. This released the head surgeon, who was in the act of rising, when an assistant stumbled against the table, which tipped it and threw the nurse from her nicely poised balance; and she fell beneath the combined weight of the table and patient upon the upturned knife still clasped in the rising surgeon's hand. It pierced and severed her spinal column; and she lay a physical wreck collapsed, paralyzed, and unconscious. Her immense physical vitality defied death for two days. Her first gleam of consciousness came in a few hours, when she was heard to say, "Oh Father, why hast thou torn me from my usefulness?" a cry differing only in word, not in meaning, from "My God, why has thou forsaken me?" A few more hours of unconsciousness followed. Then came her last earthly awakening.

With serene face and distinct tone she said to the watcher, "Mary, write on my tablet a hymn I have just composed." Then she dictated,

"Oh, to be nothing, nothing,

Helpless to lie at thy feet,

A broken and empty vessel,

For the Master's use made meet.

STUDIES IN NEGLECTED TEXTS.

For Revival Services.

By G. B. F. HALLOCK, D. D.

INEXCUSABLE IDLENESS.

"Why stand ye here all the day idle?" Matt. 20: 6.

There is reproof in this question. The answer given by the men, "Because no man hath hired us," did not seem to be a complete vindication. As we apply the question to workers in Christ's vineyard today it suggests the thought of inexcusable idleness. "Why stand ye here all day idle?"

I. Why? The vineyard is so spacious. The fields are so wide and large. There is so much to be done. Lifting up our eyes we see the wide fields—fields in India, fields in Africa, fields in the islands of the sea. Yes, and there are even wide unharvested fields in our own land, and in the communities where we live. "Go—work—today—in my vineyard." "Why stand ye here all the day idle?"

II. Why? The Master is so kind. He is not a hard task-master, driving and forcing His laborers beyond their power.

He is a good Master to work for, because, (1) He does not expect impossibilities of us; (2) He sympathizes with our difficulties; (3) He makes good provision for us. He feeds us with the best of food. He guards us from enemies while we work. There is in the vineyard a tower with watchmen upon its walls, and so we are protected in our labors. No master could be more kind than He is. No master could be more considerate for those who are under Him. "Why stand ye here all the day idle?"

III. Why? The time for working is so short.

1. The Master will accept your efforts begun even at the eleventh hour. Whether the whole day is before you or only a part of it, the time for earthly labor is short and we ought to be up and doing while it is called today.

2. The need of haste. "The night cometh." Knowing the shortness of the time should lead us to labor all the more diligently. The needlewoman working by her bit of candle hastens to finish the work before the light burns down to its socket. So is the time for working short with us all. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work nor knowledge, nor device in the grave whither thou goest." There is no finishing up life's undone work when this life is over.

3. Even if the work should seem irksome there is still comfort in the thought that the time is not long. Why then be idle? Why stand ye here all the day idle?"

IV. Why? The reward is so liberal. "What is right I will give thee."

1. There is a reward in the very act of doing the work. The mere sense of being usefully occupied brings no little reward to the worker.

2. There is reward in the result of the work. It is no small part of the reward of a Christian worker that he is permitted to see souls saved.

3. There is reward in the way of active payment when the evening comes. "So when the even was come the Lord of the vineyard saith unto his stewards, call the laborers, and give them their hire." He always calls us at the close of the day and gives us even more than the full reward. With such a Master and such payment and so much work to be done, surely the question may well be asked of many of us, "Why stand ye here all the day idle?"

THE DAY OF VISITATION.

Luke 19: 44.

God visited Israel in isolating them from the world, revealing to them His nature, in making them a peculiar people. He visited them through the prophets—men bringing truth. He visited them in the ordinances He established, and especially in the ministry of Christ when in the world.

God visits us too.

1. When the father or mother takes the little child and puts truth into its heart, endeavors to fortify it against the wrong and incline it toward the right; God is visiting that child through the parent.

2. When you go into the house of God and hear a message from one of His servants, no matter how humble he may be or how faulty his message in its style, if it reaches your heart, if it prompts you to good, then God is visiting you.

3. Whenever conscience reproves you for a wrong act, and prompts you to a good act, in these promptings God is drawing near to you; then God is visiting you, has come to see you.

4. An evangelist makes his warm-hearted appeals. You feel drawn toward Christ and the right. Still again has God come to see you.

5. A friend of yours cuts loose from the world, accepts of Christ, enlists in His service, unites himself or herself to the Church. You are impressed by the act, feel conscious that you should do the same. You are inclined to do so. In what you have seen your friend do and in the influence that has upon you, God is drawing near to you—God has come to see thee. It is a day of visitation.

6. It was communion Sunday. You sat in the church and saw the elements passed. Some of your friends were at the table for the first time. You felt it wrong that you had not a place with them. You were conscious of having neglected a plain command of Christ to remember Him in the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. Your heart was melted when you thought of all Christ had done for you. It was your day of visitation. God came to see you that hour.

7. It was a quiet Sabbath evening. You were sitting alone in your chamber. All about you the world seemed hushed. But quite unbidden, sweet and solemn thoughts began to pass through your mind. You heard the prompting of love. It was a tender voice telling you of how your life had been spared in time of sickness and danger, of how you

had been given so many friends to enjoy, of how health and strength and success had been vouchsafed to you. You were made conscious that these all were gifts of God's love. You felt deep in your heart the love of God moving and stirring you, and you seemed to hear a voice saying, "Will you not become a Christian now?" You could not say, like Jacob, "Surely the Lord is in this place and I knew it not;" for the Lord was in the place and you knew it. That was your day of visitation. God came to see you then—in that quiet hour.

The Jews had their visitation from God, which culminated in the ministry of Christ among them. They hardened their hearts against Him. We have our visitations from God. If we refuse Him, He will depart. If we welcome Him, He will come in and sup with us and we with Him, and our eternal welfare will be assured.

CHRISTIANS AS LABORERS TOGETHER WITH GOD.

"For we are laborers together with God."

1 Cor. 3: 9.

There are some spheres in which God works absolutely alone, as in creation and providence. In these He takes counsel with no human being, nor asks the help of any one. But He uses us in gospel spreading. He has sent no angels or other spiritual beings to do this work, but uses human instruments only. Men are His messengers.

I. What is it to be a worker together with God?

1. It is to work for the same great end—the salvation of souls. The famous picture, "Saved and Saving," should suggest our ideal. Keeping a firm hold upon the cross ourselves with one hand, we should with the other be lifting some one else out of the dark waves that beat upon the dangerous coast of eternity.

2. It is to work under God's direction. We are to take His word and Spirit as our guides, and work in the way He commands.

3. It is to work in alliance with the Holy Spirit. We have the privilege of a sense of conscious alliance with Him. This should give courage. "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

II. Who are such workers?

1. All eminent Christians, such as Luther, Calvin, Knox, Wesley, Spurgeon, Moody.

2. Not only these, but the far greater number of more hidden but earnest Christian workers. The faithful Church officers, Sunday school teachers, and all thoroughly enlisted Christians.

III. How is the work to be done?

Not by wholesale, not by organized bodies and by committees, but largely by individual Christian effort. (1) Realize the value of souls; (2) Consecrate yourself to the work of winning them; (3) Do not try to force or drive them, but lovingly woo them to the Savior. "He that winneth souls is wise," and it is to be done in a winning way. This is the best way. (4) Do this by personal interest and effort. Handpicked fruit is the best, and hand-picking is the best way to get the fruit. Win souls one by one. When you speak to me I know that you mean me. Loving personal interest and friendly persuasion are the

best means of saving souls. Do this personal work.

(a) This is the way to present joy. What a joy it is to be the means of saving even one soul.

(b) This is the way to eternal reward. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

(c) This is the way to avoid the awful regret that must follow neglect of doing this work. What a regret to see souls lost for lack of our help! Every motive impels us toward doing faithfully the work God gives us to do. Especially in view of the fact that putting our weakness alongside His strength there can be no such thing as fail.

THINGS THAT MAKE A CHURCH STRONG.

"Put on thy strength, O Zion." Isa. 53: 1.

Some important elements of church strength are:

I. Loyalty to the truth of God's Word. Bible teachings respecting salvation, character and duty, are the standard by which the church is to be governed in accomplishing its mission. A church faithful to the truth will be blessed by the God of truth.

II. Intelligent Christian living. It is good to have and believe the truth. It is better to live it. The power of the church today, as in the times of its greatest victories in the past, lies in the Christ-life of its members. "Good example," said an old negro, "is the tallest kind of preaching." He was right. "Ye are my witnesses." The church that lives well will succeed well.

III. Activity in service for Christ. The church becomes strong by practice. Putting forth strength is the way to gain strength. Profit comes by trade, strength by exercise, and talents multiply by using. By saving your seed you get no harvest. Sowing brings reaping. The way to stay poor is to keep what you have. The way to grow rich is to use what you have. The church that uses its talents God will bless. The working church wins.

IV. Fidelity. To the church itself, its worship, its officers, its membership, and its good name.

V. Unity. "In union there is strength." If unity and brotherly love prevail the church is irresistible.

VI. Systematic and liberal giving. A church that gives will get. Saving is losing. Giving is getting. The way to stay poor is to keep what you have. "The liberal soul shall be made fat." It is the same with a church. Old Honest's riddle is true. He put it thus:

"A man there was, though some did count him mad,

The more he cast away, the more he had."

But Gaius guessed it, saying:

"He who bestows his goods upon the poor,
Shall have as much again, and ten times more."

Many of our churches need another John Bunyan to teach them this truth. For a liberal church is likely to be strong spiritually and in every other way.

A NEW YEAR DUTY.

"Let us go on to perfection," Heb. 6: 1.

Every year is a fresh beginning. Every January is the world made new. The new year is a new opportunity. Let us resolve to make the most of it. Let us push on toward perfection.

I. Let us "go on" to more knowledge. Christian knowledge lies at the foundation of Christian character. "Desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby."

II. Let us "go on" to richer experiences. Know and you will feel. Feel and you will pray. Every day of the new year could be made to bring us richer experiences of every Christian delight.

III. Let us "go on" to higher attainments. Pray and you will aspire. First principles are important, but there are things still higher and nobler to attain—personal intimacy with Christ, the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, power in prayer, growing sensitiveness to sin—into the mystery of things like these the Christian should be stirred with a noble discontent to enter.

IV. Let us "go on" to larger usefulness. Know and you will feel. Feel and you will pray. Pray and you will aspire. Aspire and you will work. Let us work for God as never before this coming year. God will use us if we are willing. Let us be ambitious to make the most of ourselves and do the most possible for God. The time is short. We have only one life to live. Let us seek to realize its utmost possibilities.

HOW TO HAVE A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Prov. 3: 13.

I. Some ways in which happiness is prevented.

1. Happiness is prevented by sin.

2. Another common cause of unhappiness, or preventive of happiness, is undue sensitiveness and exaggerated egotism.

3. Still another way that happiness is prevented is by borrowing trouble.

II. Some positive ways in which happiness may be won.

1. "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom." So says the wise Solomon. He means the wisdom of which he speaks again when he says, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." If you are not, yours may be a happy new year by your becoming a Christian, or if you are, then by becoming a better one.

2. Again, happiness is won by conquest over sin. The more sin is triumphed over in the coming year the happier you will be.

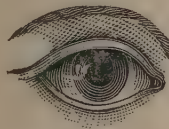
3. Happiness is also found in doing good to others. The more unselfish you are, the more useful, the more active in doing good, the happier your new year will be. Selfish people are ever seeking and never finding happiness. Unselfish people are finding happiness ever without seeking. Try giving away in order to become rich. Try Christian unselfishness as the road to happiness and heaven. Coupled with a restful faith in God, try it, and you will soon agree that you have been truly told how to have a happy new year.

Restores Eyesight.

"Actina," a Wonderful Discovery Which Cures Diseased Eyes, No Matter Whether Chronic or Acute, Without Cutting or Drugging.

THE SECRET REVEALED.

There is no need of cutting, drugging or probing the eye for any form of disease, for a new system of treating difficulties of the eye has been discovered whereby all torturous and barbarous methods are eliminated. This wonderful treatment takes the form of a Pocket battery and is known as "ACTINA." It is purely a home treatment and self-administered by the patient. There is no risk of experimenting, as thousands of people have



been cured of blindness, failing eyesight, cataracts, granulated lids and other afflictions of the eye through this grand discovery, when eminent

oculists termed the cases incurable. This wonderful remedy also makes the use of spectacles unnecessary, as it not only removes the weakened and unnatural conditions of the eye, but gives it a clear vision. J. N. Horne, Waycross, Ga., writes: "My eyes have been wonderfully benefited by Actina." W. R. Owens, Adrian, Mo., writes: "Actina saved me from going blind." R. J. Reid, St. Augustine, Fla., writes: "Actina removed a cataract from my son's eye." Robert Baker, 80 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill., writes: "I should have been blind had I not used 'Actina.'" A party of prominent citizens have organized in a company known as the New York & London Electric Association, and they have given this method so thorough a test on hundreds of cases pronounced incurable and hopeless that they now positively assure a cure. They have bought all American and European rights for this wonderful invention. Actina is sent on approval postpaid. If you will send your name and address to the New York and London Electric Association, 929 Walnut st., Dept. V., Kansas City, Mo., you will receive absolutely free, a valuable book, Prof. Wilson's treatise on the Eye and its diseases; also on diseases in general, and you can rest assured that your eyesight and hearing will be restored, no matter how many doctors failed.

CURRENT ANECDOTES

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for religious public speakers.

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PREACHING AND TALKING— DIFFERENCE.

At the conclusion of a sermon recently an earnest young preacher leaned over his pulpit and said, not complainingly or discouraged, but plainly: "My friends, you have been listening apparently, but you have been listening with your 'preaching' ears. I have talked the plain gospel to you, and told you who have not accepted Christ that you will surely perish, and told those who are Christians that unless they persevere they will lose their passports to the Eternal City, and you believe it, but you do nothing. It seems to go in one ear or out the other, and if I make a particularly strong point, you pass it over to some neighbor, and nobody takes any of it home. But if I meet you on the street tomorrow, and say; 'Unless you accept Jesus Christ, my friend, you will certainly be lost,' you will either think very seriously, or your wrath will blaze up furiously. I am going to do more talking and less preaching."

Novels for Sunday Evening Subjects.

A prominent eastern divine was recently criticized severely for preaching on novels. Critics are like the Irishman at the fair. He saw the outline of a head on the side of a canvas booth, and cracked it with his shillelah. The man's friends rushed out to kill the assassin, but were horrified to see that one of their own faction was the guilty one. "Paddy! Paddy! Didn't you know it was Barney O'-

A preacher would be warranted in taking a few good-sized dornicks into the pulpit, and let them fly at some complacent brother who thinks that the earnest preaching is part of the performance, to which he buys admittance with ten or twenty-five cents a Sunday.

SODOM AND GOMORRAH.

At a distance and to the casual observer there seems to be no reason why the Christian people should be distressed over the Mormon question, and by many preachers they are not classed among the people in special need of missionary work. But if only the woe-begone faces of the women and the hardened looks of the children could pass before them it would startle them. The Utah Gospel Mission, John D. Nutting, Secretary, 739 Republic street, Cleveland, O., carried on a splendid wagon work there last summer with six missionaries, and is anxious to do it again, without salary, if Christian people will pay the actual expenses. Preachers will be furnished with literature free. When you consider the following plain statement made by Mr. Nutting, who knows the Mormon life and doctrine by the book, you will realize the need of mission work there:

Brigham Young emphatically affirmed that Christ was not begotten by the Holy Ghost, but was the natural son of Adam-god and Mary, just as his own son was his son. Of course this disposes of the whole Christian doctrine at one sweep, leaving Christ as only a human "sinner just like the rest of us," as the writer has lately heard advocated in Utah (though such doctrine would hardly be officially acknowledged). That Christ was one of the Mormon god-spirits come to earth by natural generation, where he had the two Marys and Martha as polygamous "wives" and by whom he had children, and that he was crucified to make resurrection possible—this is a blasphemous Mormon doctrine of Christ, stripped of its pretensions.

Flynn you hit?" "Bedad, now, and I'm sorra, but (shaking with laughter), if it was me own father I'd a had to crack that head—it was lookin' so aisy and fine." Preachers crack at one another's head, and find that they have hit one of their own friends, and often a better one than themselves. But if I were going to take a novel for a text, I would adopt the following list (prepared by S. A. Wilson,) for a series of four Sunday evening addresses:

7 Division of Growth.

- I. Time of Christ (Jewish World).....
- II. Time of St. Paul.....
- III. Time of Chrysostem, Constantine, Jerome, Hypatia
- IV. Time of Contact between Christian and Saracen Crusaders
- V. Time of Fall of Constantinople, Savonarola
- VI. a. Before Luther
- b. Time of Luther
- VII. Time of Wesley

Story of the Church.

- I. Ben HurWallace
- II. a. Darkness and Dawn.....Farrar
- b. Quo Vadis
- III. a. Gathering Clouds, Asia
- b. Hypatia, Africa
- c. Homo Sum
- IV. a. The Talisman
- b. Via Crucis
- V. a. Prince of India
- b. Romola
- VI. a. Cloister and Hearth
- b. Schönburg Cotta Family
- VII. The Diary of Mrs. Kitty Trevelyan.....

Mrs. Charles

TO OUR READERS—THREE GOOD THINGS.

If not greater value for your money than any book you ever purchased, return the book—Pulpit Power and Eloquence, or 100 Best Sermons of the Nineteenth Century, Introduction by Arthur T. Pierson, D. D. We have so much good reading matter to put in Current Anecdotes, I do not like to take space to mention my books, but you will get more out of this than I will. The chances are even that you will order the book sooner or later. Vincent Aten, an Illinois preacher, said when he sent his check for it:

"Thanks for that splendid volume of sermons; it is a credit to the man that compiled them and gave them in so compact and concise a form to the preachers of the twentieth century. It certainly represents a great deal of labor and patience, for a small financial recompense. I do not see how an up-to-date preacher can afford to leave 'Pulpit Power and Eloquence' out of his library. It is worth much more than its cost, for the thought, style, diction and variety of themes, as well as the great authors represented, who moved the hearts and minds of the peoples of the century. Please find enclosed also order for 'Biblical Encyclopedia and Museum,' by Comper Gray. Yours faithfully,

VINCENT ATEN."

The price of the book is \$3.50, but you save 50c. by filling out the blank on page 235. I will pay the postage or express.

Another matter—every preacher should have a fountain pen. There is only one that I know of that is not enough to make a preacher swear; that is the Post pen. This pen (No. 1) has been advertised with hundreds of periodicals, and it gave general satisfaction. But we had an opportunity to get 100 of a better grade (we are not allowed to say how much better) and that is the pen mentioned on page 198. We might have added \$1 to the offer we had been making on the No. 1 pen, but these 100 will go at the same price, that is, Current Anecdotes one year (\$1.50) and the pen, which can't be bought alone for less than \$3. both for \$2.50.

Thirdly and lastly, about the Biblical Encyclopedia and Museum, \$5.25 cash, and \$6.25 express paid, and \$1 down and \$1 per month, six month, express prepaid. It consists of 8 volumes. You will consult as often as any book in your library. You may think my statement prejudiced, but listen:

"You deserve great praise for publishing such a remarkably good work at such a small price."—Rev. C. T. Gibson, Hollisterville, Pa.

"A gold-mine for a student pastor."—John Snell, Wheaton, Ill.

"Have wanted it for years, and I thank you for putting it in my power to get it with easy payments."—E. A. McPhee, Argyle, N. S.

"More than pleased with them."—Rev. C. D. Darling, Munising, Mich.

When you consider that it is a compendium of the best Biblical literature, illustrations, outlines and text-book, 5,760 pages, bound in cloth, you can understand something of the value, but not until you see them and use them can you know all of it. See page 200.

Sincerely,

F. M. BARTON.

Only 500 more Bible Encyclopedias to sell till next fall. Page 200.

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There is more immediate material for preachers and educators in the tour outlined above than a year of post-graduate study. There is more lasting recreation and culture in such a trip for any intelligent person than can be described or imagined. One never forgets the rich experience, for the memory gallery is stored with the world's choicest art, architecture, scenery and historical associations.

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Watch this page next month for six cardinal points of travel and fuller announcement of this tour.

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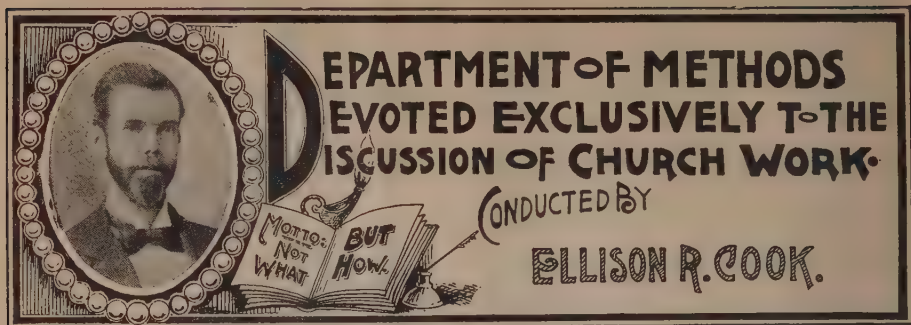
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I am interested in a European vacation this summer. Please mail me information, cost, etc.

Name

Address

Church



HOW TO MAKE A WORKING CHURCH.

PRACTICAL PLANS.

We will devote this paper to a discussion of ways and means in the matter of "Church Finances." As this is the beginning of the new year, this subject is timely as well as important.

The pastor's relation to this department of church work is a question always delicate and sometimes difficult and embarrassing. There ought not to be any more embarrassment in a pastor's seeking, by every proper means to develop a congregation in the grace of liberality, than in any other grace. Dr. Stall wisely says: "Preach then upon this subject. Let the scriptural view of God as the great Proprietor, and man as the steward, be faithfully set forth. Let human responsibility and accountability be faithfully enjoined, not simply in the use of intellectual culture and power, but in the use of material wealth. In the parable of the talents it was property, money which was intrusted, and for which each had to give an account. There is no escaping from the truth presented in this scripture."

Then, too, let it be borne in mind that the pastor is the commanding general of all the forces of his church, in all departments. It is his place to take wise supervision of the whole and co-operate with the officers under him, in preparing plans and providing means for systematic, effective work.

The mistake that some pastors make, as we believe, is in neglecting the more responsible duties of commander-in-chief, for the sake of doing service as a private. This is what we mean: instead of intrusting the details to a committee well trained, or the officers set apart for such service, the pastor carries 'round himself a subscription paper, or spends his days in making individual appeals for financial aid. Is it not true that a pastor can render more valuable service in the capacity of a supervisor or director-general, making efficient the labors of many, rather than by entering the field as an individual laborer?

There may indeed come such crises when the pastor must "throw himself in the breach" and engage in a hand-to-hand fight. The forces may be scattered, there may be no one else to carry the subscription, or do the needed work. In such situation the pastor, who is

willing to do what ought to be done and does it, is engaged in as noble and Christly a work as when he preaches from the sacred desk. Oftentime in doing such self-sacrificing work, the pastor becomes an inspiration to his scattered negligent people, and rallies them in this way as he could not have done by any other course.

Our contention, however, is that such conditions arise in almost every instance because of the failure of those in authority to wisely plan and rightly direct. If the people have failed to discharge their duty to God, it may be because their duty has not been fully and forcibly presented to them. They have grown careless and indifferent, perhaps because of the hap-hazard methods which too often prevail in the works of the church.

Our purpose in this paper is to make some suggestions, to outline some general plans of universal applicability.

(1) There must be some plan. No one plan is equally well suited to meet the requirements of all churches. The pastor and his official board should select such plan as comes nearest meeting the conditions and needs of their church and then modify and adapt until all difficulties are met or overcome.

(2) No plan will run itself. There are no patent automatic self-acting financial plans. Most excellent plans are sometimes defeated, made non-effective at the very start, through the effort of some very conservative, careful brother at economy. The materials for operating any first-class plan cost something, and it is a fatal mistake to undertake to cut down the supplies and thus handicap the movement from the very start.

(3) Organization and co-operation in the financial board is absolutely essential. That the pastor and the board be in harmony, is no less important. Again, the members of the financial board, who are of course leading members of the church, must, with their families, take the initiative in conforming to any plan that may be adopted. If it has been decided that the well known "envelope system" of weekly offerings, is to be the plan, then let the official members see to it that they and their families conform to the plan to the letter. The moral effect of their example will be invaluable in bringing others to do the same

thing. We have seen this excellent plan defeated just at this point. The official members of means will say, "Oh, I'll just give my check to the treasurer at the beginning of the year, for myself and all my family—it's so much less trouble." The member who can't give his check notes that the official does not himself conform to a plan, which he is requested to adopt. The bad effect is obvious.

(4) Next after organization of the financial board, there must be some definite apportionment to each individual member of some stated amount to be paid weekly or monthly.

We commend the following "Voluntary Apportionment" plan. As will be noted, this form, which it provides that the board fix some definite amount, it yet leaves the individual member free to increase or diminish the sum. A coupon is attached to the apportionment card for that purpose.

APPORTIONMENT.

[Subject to Your Approval.]

For the Support of the Gospel, 190..

M.....

Dear.....

To us has been committed the work of providing for the support of our pastor, and other expenses of the church, for the current year. Believing that it is your wish to give as you may be able, to the support of the Gospel, we have apportioned to you..... per..... for the ensuing year. This is subject, of course, to your approval. We have endeavored to make a fair apportionment, but want you to feel free to increase or reduce the amount if not satisfactory. If the sum apportioned you is too much or too little, please state on the blank below how much you can give, tear off and drop in collection basket next Sunday, or hand to me. In case the blank is not returned, it is understood that you agree to accept the above apportionment.

Provision will be made so that you may make your regular weekly or monthly contributions at our stated services, thus obeying the Bible command (1 Cor. 16: 1, 2), and making our offering as God designs, a part of Divine worship.

May we not have your co-operation in working this scriptural plan.

Your brethren in Christ,

THE BOARD OF STEWARDS,

PerYour Steward.

..... 190..

Dear Brethren: For reasons which are to me satisfactory, I beg to change the amount of my apportionment. Instead of this amount I agree to giveper..... for the ensuing year for the support of the Gospel.

Name.....

In a very large majority of cases the apportionment, made by the board will be accepted. At the same time the voluntary idea has been maintained. This plan is for many reasons superior to the method which depends wholly on voluntary pledges. Many a man will accept the apportionment by his silence, and pay the amount, who would not make a voluntary pledge. (These cards, adapted for church of any denomination, may be had of the Pastors' Supplies Co., Washington, Ga., at fifty cents per 100, post paid.)

(5) When the apportionment cards are sent out a package of 52 envelopes, one for every Sunday in the year, properly numbered and dated, should be furnished to every member. Put up in a neat calendar case, they will be hung in some conspicuous place in the room and be a constant reminder of duty—an object lesson on the grace of liberality. These handsome cases are not very expensive and pay for themselves many times over in the increased weekly collections. (Write Pastors' Supplies Co., Washington, Ga., for catalogue, etc.)

(6) This system means some detail work for the church treasurer or his assistants. A record of the small weekly payments of the scores or hundreds of individual contributors must be accurately kept. There are books in various forms for this purpose. The treasurer will select the one best suited for his needs. To our mind the "Card Index" Record offers the most convenient and satisfactory method. This plan has many advantages, which will be fully set forth by the several firms advertising the new card index systems. (See our advertising pages.)

(7) The members of the financial board are not to be relieved of responsibility under this system. There are many who, for various reasons, will fall behind or fail to contribute at all through the envelopes. Statements of all in arrears should be drawn off by the treasurer monthly or quarterly, and then the stewards or collectors should make personal appeal in presenting the claim.

This gives in outline a plan, some modification of which will solve the "financial problem" in any church, anywhere.

SPECIAL NOTE.

The editor of this department has given fifteen of the best years of his life to the study of methods of church work, especially in matters financial. He will gladly give to any pastor who is a member of the "4 C Club" (annual membership fee only 50 cents), the benefit of his experience, or undertake to give in detail plans to meet the conditions and needs of any church. Write all the facts and he believes he can give you a plan which, if adopted, will solve your problem. Address Rev. Ellison R. Cook, Sec'y "4 C Club," Washington, Ga.

HOW TO RAISE YOUR BENEVOLENT COLLECTIONS.

"Offering," says Dr. Wayland Hoyt, D. D., is the better word rather than the common word "collection." I think we can do much for the education of the religious feelings about the matter by always using a word

which more accurately expresses the religious side of the thing, and is more fitted to educe religious feeling in connection with it. "Collection." You collect a debt; the word has a hard, material business sound. "Offering." That necessarily implies that your love, hope, prayer, gratitude, go with what you give. So I would eschew the word "collection" and always say "offering."

"Well," says the same successful pastor in *The Homiletic Review*, "I have found that at least for the larger offerings, the following method is a very wide and searching one, and saves you from risking the relation of your church to some great cause on the chance effect of a sermon, or on the scantier congregation of a rainy Sunday. We will suppose the offering is for foreign missions. It is thus I have managed most successfully:

"First. I have had appointed, say, a half dozen young men, who are known as the committee for the foreign mission offering.

"Second. I have prepared, a sufficient time before the offering is to be made, say a week or so, a pastoral letter, setting forth, in brief way, the importance of the special cause, the necessity that every one should give something, the need that each one give as much as possible. I have also included in this letter particular instructions—viz., the name and residence of the chairman of the committee, the special Sunday on which the offering is to be made, a request that each one put his offering in the offering envelope enclosed with the pastoral letter, and write upon it his name and the amount; also requesting that if any one, for any reason, must be absent on the specified Sunday, he will, as soon as possible, send his offering, either by mail or otherwise, to the chairman of the committee.

"Third. I have usually procured from the society in whose behalf the offering was to be made—in this case it would be the Foreign Mission Society—some leaflets setting forth the present peculiar necessities, the way the work is being pushed, etc.

"Fourth. I have then passed over the pastoral letter, the offering envelopes, the leaflets of information, to the committee of young men. I have requested them to have the pastoral letter plainly and handsomely printed; then that they take the lists of the entire church membership and also of the congregation, and, directing an envelope to each person, and enclosing in the envelope pastoral letter, offering envelope, leaflets, etc., send it through the mail to every man, woman and child. I have discovered it is altogether better to send this through the mail than to put it in the pews, for reasons like these: the occupant of the pew may be absent; something put into the pew is not so apt to be noticed; only through the mail can you touch the non-resident portion of your church and congregation. And I have esteemed it, in these matters of giving, as important to reach the non-resident portion as the resident.

"Fifth. Sometimes, on the Sunday preceding the offering Sunday, I have preached a sermon on the subject of the offering about to be made. Always I have announced that the members of the church and congregation

would receive the coming week through the mail such a communication from the pastor. I have asked their careful heed to it, etc.

"Sixth. When, on the appointed Sunday, the offering envelopes have come in, the young men have made lists of the givers and compared them with the church-membership and congregation lists, ascertaining thus who have responded and who have failed. It is then the duty of the young men to personally visit the few who have not responded and personally solicit an offering.

"Seventh. Whatever slight expenses such method of offering necessarily involves has been taken out of the offering itself.

"Eighth. The advantages of such a method I have found to be: that each person is personally asked; that the offering is not left to chance feeling or a chance attendance; that it is a good thing for the half dozen or dozen young men who are engaged about it; that so your entire congregation and membership, resident and non-resident, is thoroughly searched. I have frequently received letters from non-residents thanking me that they were not forgotten. It is a good thing, now and then, to tug at the tie still binding the non-residents to the church.

"Ninth. It is quite easy thus to double an offering left hitherto, as an offering usually is, to the effect of a chance sermon or a chance attendance. I have never tried this method without a very large and marked increase of return."

FAITH.

I see Christmas through the snow,
Christmas isn't always so,
For another land I know,
Where the Christmas roses blow.

I know Jesus through a book,
But a friend the journey took
Past death's border. She can look
On Him—while I read the book.—H. T.

LOVE THAT RESTS.

Who loves the trees best?
"I," said the Spring;
"Their leaves so beautiful
To them I bring."

Who loves the trees best?
"I," Summer said;
"I give them blossoms,
White, yellow, red."

Who loves the trees best?
"I," said the Fall;
"I give luscious fruits,
Bright tints to all."

Who loves the trees best?
"I love them best,"
Harsh Winter answered;
"I give them rest."—Independent.

UNUSUAL.

"Mother," said little Ned one morning, after having fallen out of bed, "I think I know why I fell out of bed last night. It was because I slept too near where I got in." Musing a little while, as if in doubt whether he had given the right explanation, he added, "No, that wasn't the reason, it was because I slept too near where I fell out." Persons backslide because they go to sleep so near where they get into church. To prevent backsliding get into the middle of the church and work so hard that you don't go to sleep.

* * *

Eli Perkins asked Mr. Evarts how a man ought to lie on a Wagner car to sleep well. "Don't come to a lawyer with such a question as that," he said. "Go to some railroad man. Go to Depew." "But Depew is a lawyer," I said. "Well y-e-s, Depew is a lawyer; but all the law Depew knows wouldn't bias him in answering." "But which side should a man lie on—right or left?" I asked. "Oh," said Evarts, smiling, "a lawyer can answer that. If you are on the right side, you won't need to lie at all." But Depew says that Evarts really said, "In your case, Eli, it wouldn't make a bit of difference which side you lie on; you'll lie, anyway!"

* * *

A lady had in her employ an excellent girl who had one fault. Her face was always in a smudge. Mrs. — tried to tell her to wash her face without offending her, and at last resorted to strategy. "Do you know, Bridget," she remarked in a confidential manner, "it is said that if you wash your face every day in hot, soapy water it will make you beautiful?" "Will it, now?" answered the wily Bridget. "Sure, it's a wonder you niver tried it yourself, ma'am!"

* * *

A parson once prefaced his sermon with: "My friends, let us say a few words before we begin." This is about equal to the man who took a short nap before he went to sleep.

* * *

"What did the Puritans come to this country for?" asked a Massachusetts teacher of his class. "To worship in their own way, and make other people do the same," was the reply.

* * *

An old colored preacher in the rural district accounted for the lightning in this way:

"Ever' time Satan looks down en sees de Lawd's work gwine on, fire flashes f'um his eyes. Dat's de lightning. En w'en he fail ter hit a church wid it he lays back ond hollers. Dat's de thunder.

"But, passon," said an old deacon, "whar is Satan in de winter time? We don't have no lightning' den."

The preacher studied a minute and then said: "Well, hit may be, Br'er Williams, dat hell's froze over den."—Atlanta Constitution.

* * *

A soldier once received twenty lashes well laid on. The culprit, instead of bellowing when the corporal applied the lash, laughed immoderately, which made the angry officer lay on with harder force. On giving him the

twentieth blow, the enraged officer could stand it no longer. "Well, here," said the offended corporal, "I've done my duty, and I can lick ye no more, but I'd just like to know what it is that's so funny?" "Funny!" roared the other, "why, it's excellent. You've got the wrong O'Donnell. I ain't the man that was to be whipped. It's the one in the other company. Now you'll have to do it all over again."

* * *

In the early days of California two Scotchmen emigrated thither. One of them, an enthusiastic lover of Scotland, took with him a thistle, the national emblem. The other took a small swarm of honey bees. Years have passed away. The Pacific coast is, on the one hand, cursed with the Scotch thistle, which the farmers find impossible to exterminate; on the other hand, the forests and fields are laden with the sweetness of honey, which has been, and is still, one of the blessings of the western slope of the Rocky mountains.—Ram's Rorn.

* * *

A writer tells us that while the Tyrolese were groaning under the Bavarian yoke, one day a mountaineer came down to Innsbruck and stopped to gaze at the Bavarian colors, blue and white, where the Austrian black and yellow flag used to float. A passing Bavarian official asked him if he did not think the new colors prettier than the old. "O, certainly," cried the peasant, "they are fine, but they will not last; in time the blue will turn yellow and the white black." With similar faith the Christian may view the flaunting colors of the enemies of the cross. They will not last. Time will change them. "At the name of Jesus every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

* * *

There is a monkish tale something like this: A woman groaned and protested so in hell that she disturbed the peace of God. Therefore He sent Gabriel to see whether she could not be got out; and Gabriel asked her whether she had ever in the world done one deed that came from a kindly heart. After long thought she said she had; she had once given a carrot to a beggar. God said to the angel, "Go, find the carrot."

So the angel found the carrot; and God stretched the carrot down to hell, and told the woman to take hold of it, and with it He was drawing her up out of hell.

But the poor souls that were about her clung to her skirts, that they also might be lifted up; and, when the weight was great, she tried to shake them off, crying, "Let go; this is my carrot." God said, "Then you did not really give it, after all." And God let the carrot go, so that she sank back into irrevocable hell.—Bolton Hall.

* * *

A lady who has a great horror of the tobacco habit got on a car the other day and said to the passenger next to her: "Do you chew tobacco, sir?"

"No, ma'am, I don't," was the reply, "but can get you a chew if you want one."

Religious Review of Reviews.

Conducted by J. NEWTON BROWN.

Grace Methodist Church, New York, of which Dr. Louis A. Banks is pastor, has set a good example for the other churches of the metropolis by paying its debt of \$50,000.

* * *

No "Midway" at the world's fair, at St. Louis, next year—so the managers say. They have made up their minds that the coarse performances and indecent exhibitions which this word stands for shall have no place in the centennial of the Louisiana Purchase. And they will lose nothing by keeping the fair clean.

* * *

With the beautiful American Revised Version of the Bible in our hands, it is hard to realize what has been the condition of the Christians of Greenland, who have been waiting a hundred and fifty years for a translation of the entire Bible into their mother tongue. The work which was begun in 1721 by a Norwegian pastor there, has just been completed.

* * *

Manitoba will soon have a chance to show whether it will enforce a prohibitory liquor law. The law was enacted eighteen months ago, but an appeal was taken to the courts to determine whether it was constitutional. This question is now settled, the law being supported by the highest tribunal of Great Britain.

* * *

If it has seemed to you as though all the boys in the country were going to be cigarette smokers, be encouraged by the fact that the last internal revenue report shows a falling off in the manufacture and sale of cigarettes to the amount of 1,467,436,000. The American Anti-Cigarette League not long ago obtained, in a few cities, 58,000 signers to pledges to abstain from the use of cigarettes.

* * *

In an excellent article on "The Man with a Message," published in Christian Work, Dr. Parkhurst says: "I love to think that every born man is sent into the world with something to tell. What makes a man a prophet is being filled with a story too big for his own soul to house. Such men are always in the way. We throw stones at them while they live and then gather the stones together and make a monument of them when they die."

* * *

Some years ago Dr. D. K. Pearsons of Chicago, who is now eighty-one years old, determined to spend the last twenty years of his life in distributing his property where it would do the most good. Since then he has given three million four hundred thousand dollars to perhaps a score of Christian colleges, and this on such conditions as to bring more than twice this sum into their treasuries. Who has made wiser financial provision than he for a happy old age?

* * *

The raising of twenty million dollars as a Twentieth Century Fund is a great undertaking even for the members of the Methodist Episcopal church. But having secured

thirteen million dollars, instead of being discouraged by the little shortage of seven millions, they have extended the time one year for raising the balance and set about the task. And stranger things have happened than that they should succeed.

* * *

The Congregational theological seminary at Chicago proposes to devote a special department to instruction in church music. With such an opportunity not every theological student will learn how to lead a choir or even to start a tune. But most of them should be enabled to select good hymns and to offer such suggestions about the music as will improve an important part of public worship.

* * *

The victory for reform in Greater New York, at the last election, does not appear quite as decisive as it did before so many of the reformers were proposing to prevent the violation of the law requiring saloons to close on Sunday by so amending it as to permit them to open a part of the day. Others affirm that the law as it now stands can be enforced, and ought to be. This division among the friends of temperance is hurting the cause.

* * *

Too often social and religious organizations tend to pull people away from the home circle, and to impoverish family life by leading them to neglect their home duties. President Francis E. Clark would reverse this tendency among Christian Endeavors by asking them to take the following pledge: "Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, we will endeavor to maintain family worship in our home, and will strive to make it, through kindness, courtesy and mutual helpfulness, a household of God."

* * *

Many of the missionaries who were driven out of North China have returned and resumed their work, some of them being invited to do so by the Chinese officials themselves. Miss Luella Miner, a missionary, who passed through the siege in Peking, thinks the Chinese are expecting this work to be pushed with new energy. She says the Chinese converts are looking for a great ingathering if the gospel is now given to those prepared to receive it. In view of the rare opportunities in these and other mission fields the Presbyterian board has issued an urgent call for more volunteers.

* * *

What a door for Christian education is opened to Americans in the Philippines! In Manila there are over 10,000 adults studying English in evening schools under American teachers, and many towns are arranging to send boys there for this purpose. There is likewise a widespread desire to send boys to the United States to be educated. In his annual report the secretary of war says: "There are more people anxious for education than there are teachers to furnish it. All the good influences of American civilization may enter through this open door."

The most significant missionary movement of our time is what is known as the Student Volunteer Movement, whose conventions, held once in four years, are gatherings of wonderful spiritual uplift. Two of these conventions were held in Cleveland and one, the last, in Detroit. At the last gathering no less than 461 educational institutions were represented by over a hundred professors and over 1,500 students. The rapid growth of missions will be likely to bring together a much larger number of young people this year. The convention will be held in Toronto from February 26 to March 3.

* * *

There is no need of the Sunday work in paying streets which is becoming so common in our larger cities. Those who require this work seem to have no compunctions against robbing their employees of their weekly rest-day and annoying those who prize the opportunity of meditation and worship which a quiet Sunday would give them. On a recent Sunday, a large number of men having been engaged in such work in front of the Euclid Avenue Baptist Church, in Cleveland, those attending the church, by a unanimous rising vote, appealed to "the responsible authorities to preserve to these laboring men their right to a day of rest and to us our right to undisturbed worship."

* * *

The Anti-Saloon League paper of Ohio says that in the last election in this State, "The temperance forces were more than twice as effective in electing members of the legislature believed to be favorable to advanced temperance legislation as the saloonists were in electing their partisans." It declares that "the difficulty with the temperance vote of Ohio before the Anti-Saloon League began to organize, inform and rally it at the polls, was that it was simply an ignorant, undisciplined mass. It had to encounter a compact, well organized and reliable liquor opposition which knew just what it wanted and unitedly went straight for it."

* * *

We have all been delighted with the high moral tone of the President's message and of Secretary Hay's address before the New York Chamber of Commerce. We should have been glad to hear the humblest private citizen say what President Roosevelt said of the principles upon which the civil service should be conducted and of those which should guide our government in its dealings with Cuba, or what Secretary Hay said of truth, frankness, and the Golden Rule in diplomacy. But coming from the source they did, and supported by the people as they are, these utterances are a powerful plea for public righteousness and a cheering token of national progress.

* * *

If any doubts the power of the gospel to transform the features as well as the character, he should compare two photographs of Valentine Burke, one taken for the rogue's gallery, and the other taken seven years after his conversion. What a contrast between the hard, sullen look of the criminal and the pleasant face of the Christian gentleman! This man, who had been in prison off and on for

about twenty years, was converted by reading in a daily paper one of Mr. Moody's sermons. Most people do not know that one of the easiest places to win souls to Christ is within prison walls. Ever since the Volunteers of America were organized, five years ago, by Ballington Booth, they have been faithful and successful workers in this field. Their work for released convicts has the personal supervision of Mrs. Booth, who is in touch with twenty thousand prisoners in various States. At first it was difficult to find positions for the reformed prisoners when they were released, but now the demand for their service is greater than the supply.

* * *

The latest experiment in missionary work among the Mormons is that which was begun, last summer, by the Utah Gospel Mission, of Cleveland. The plan is for missionaries to travel over the country in wagons fitted up with conveniences for cooking and sleeping, calling at every house for religious conversation and for the circulation of Christian literature, especially tracts pointing out the errors of Mormonism and containing the fundamental truths of the gospel. Two parties of missionaries spent the summer in Northern Idaho, intending to spend the winter in Southern Utah, covering a distance, north and south, of about 600 miles. They traveled over 200 miles, passing twenty-two postoffices, without finding a Christian church or Sunday School. It is very strange that, while the Mormons keep some two thousand missionaries in the field spreading their pernicious doctrines, so little is done by our churches to carry a pure gospel to them.

* * *

Professor Joseph Henry Thayer of Harvard Divinity School, formerly of Andover Theological Seminary, who died November 26, was perhaps the best New Testament scholar in America. The son of a Unitarian father, he was distinguished for independence in thought, as well as for keenness of intellect. These facts add to the weight of his opinion, given last summer in The Congregationalist in regard to the gospels and the person and work of Christ. As the fruit of his lifelong study of the gospels and of his acquaintance with the researches of the world's greatest scholars, he gave as his final verdict: That the teachings of Jesus are reported with substantial accuracy in the Gospels; that Jesus was "a peerless personage, thoroughly human, thoroughly transcendental and thoroughly self-consistent;" and that in the Gospels there stands revealed "the substantial verity of the incarnate and redemptive life and work of God on earth." Professor Thayer's most important literary monuments are the American Revised Version of the New Testament, a revision in which he had a leading part, and his Greek-English lexicon of the New Testament, which is the best work of its kind in the field. When he was my teacher he gave me the best rule I ever heard for the selection of a commentary, which I will pass on for the help of others. It was this: "Make out a list of questions on the Bible which you want answered, and then go to a commentary and see if it answers them."

THE WORLD PARISH.

When John Wesley said the world was his parish, he unconsciously uttered a prophecy of the larger ministry upon which many Christians are entering at the beginning of the twentieth century. The plans of Dr. George F. Pentecost and Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, who have resigned their pastorates, one in New York and the other in England, that they may enter upon this larger ministry, have been mentioned in these columns. Mr. Morgan has already conducted meetings in several American cities with excellent results. Another Englishman well known in this country, Rev. F. B. Meyer, has resigned his London pastorate, to take effect in September next, that he may "travel quietly through the world—and especially through Great Britain, Ireland, the colonies and the United States"—doing what he can "to quicken and to raise the standard of Christian living." Helen Gladstone, daughter of the "Grand Old Man," has given up her position as teacher at Cambridge, to join a social settlement where her time will be spent in visiting the poor, nursing the sick, and teaching cripples. John R. Mott, the secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation, has been making a tour of Japan, China, and India. His visit to Japan, following the great awakening there, was most opportune. When he spoke to the students of the Imperial University, in an audience of 800, eighty-four gave in their names as intending to follow Christ. In other places his meetings were thronged and hundreds of young men announced a similar decision. Rev. R. A. Torrey, who has been at the head of the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago, is on his way to Australasia, where he expects to spend a year in conducting Bible institutes and in evangelistic work. And Dr. Francis E. Clark, the father of the Christian Endeavor movement, expected to sail, January 4, for Italy, and to spend six months there and in Scandinavia and France and the countries of Central Europe. He will attend national conventions and do what he can to strengthen and organize the Christian young people and to make them a power in the churches. Mrs. Schwichtenberg, a wealthy niece of John Wanamaker, has chosen a life among the lepers in the Philippine Islands. When she went to the islands as Government inspector of hospitals, she visited a leper colony of 30,000, including many children. She said afterwards: "I did not see a single happy-faced child there. The scenes still haunt me. I long to return and take a little sunshine into their lives." With its new means of travel and communication the world has grown very small since the days of the great-hearted Wesley, and there are many Greathearts now.

THE PRESENT OUTLOOK FOR TEMPERANCE.

There seems to be less of aggressive work for temperance now than there was fifteen or twenty years ago. It is a long time since there has been a State election in which temperance was the chief issue. Meanwhile the

liquor traffic has seemed as prosperous as ever.

Still there are some features in the present situation which ought to encourage us. There is less drinking than there used to be at clubs and dinners. There is an increasing number of employers of labor who will discharge employees known to patronize saloons. Life insurance companies are beginning to issue policies at reduced rates to total abstainers. Everywhere the lines are being drawn more clearly between those who drink and those who do not, and this to the disadvantage of the drinkers. This discrimination is emphasized in the minds of the children by the instruction they receive in the public schools.

At the same time the friends of temperance are learning the best methods of dealing with the drink evil. With all of their devotion to the cause, many of their efforts have failed hitherto for lack of knowing just what to do. This knowledge can be gained only by experience. But it will come as the result of the experiments now being made in various parts of the country, and through the study of the whole subject by some of the clearest thinkers of our time. When the next temperance crusade is on it will be so conducted as to secure great and permanent results.

And the indications are that a powerful movement for temperance will soon set in. It will come because there is a felt need of it and because there is an awakening consciousness of power among the friends of temperance. This is the age of power through combination. What this power is was first found out by capitalists, and the result is the successful carrying forward of the greatest business enterprises the world has seen. Laborers are finding out what power there is in combination and they are able to call a halt on capitalists. Liquor dealers found out this power long ago. Such victories for good government as that recently gained in New York City indicate that the time is near when the foes of the saloon will likewise find out what this power is. And fortunately we have an organization whose definite purpose is to bring about this combination of all temperance people, and which is working for this great purpose wisely and persistently and with encouraging success. It is evident that the outlook for temperance is brightening.

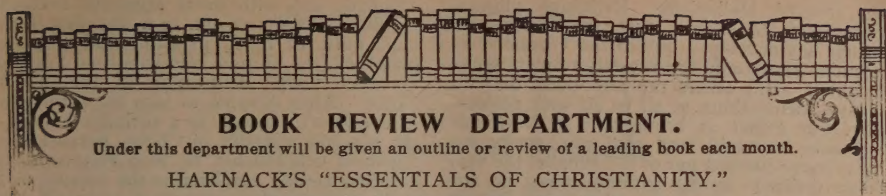
Mr. Moody once told the story of how after the big Chicago fire he came to New York for money, and heard there was a rich man in Fall River who was very liberal.

So he went to him. He gave him a check for a large amount, and then got into his carriage and drove him to the houses of other rich men in the city, and they all gave him checks. When he left him at the train Mr. Moody grasped his hand and said:

"If you ever come to Chicago, call on me, and I will return your favor."

He said: "Mr. Moody, don't wait for me, do so to the first man that comes along."

Mr. Moody added: "I never forgot that remark; it had the ring of the true good Samaritan."



BOOK REVIEW DEPARTMENT.

Under this department will be given an outline or review of a leading book each month.

HARNACK'S "ESSENTIALS OF CHRISTIANITY."

Reviewed by *Dustin Kemble, D. D.*

The addresses of Professor Adolf Harnack on the above theme before six hundred students from all departments in the University of Berlin during the winter term of 1899-1900, have reached their twenty-fifth thousand in circulation, and have created an extraordinary stir in the churches of the Fatherland, as also to a less extent beyond its borders. Quite a number of writers have published criticisms or answers to the positions taken in the book, and lately the synods of Menningen and of Uffenheim have protested energetically to the General Synod of the Lutheran Church against Harnack's work, although it is not clear with what definite result. The author himself, in the preface to his last edition, shows considerable feeling over some of these replies, saying that it is his "first experience of the kind," and declaring that most of his critics are incapable of discussing the subject from any scientific standpoint, and therefore are not entitled to any consideration from a scholar, although their "fanatical sophistry" may, in part, prevent the general acceptance of his views. The book itself consists of sixteen addresses, which, after an introductory chapter on the limits of the subject which he proposes to discuss, are divided into two principal heads, the first, expository, and the second, historical. The expository part is in turn divided in two parts, of which the first considers the general tonics of Christ's preaching under three heads. 1. The Kingdom of God and its coming. 2. The Fatherhood of God and the eternal value of the human soul. 3. The better righteousness and the command of love. These are followed by a discussion of the chief relations of the Gospel teaching to general human interests under these subdivisions: The Gospel and the world, or the question of Asceticism. The Gospel and Poverty, or the social question. The Gospel and Righteousness, or the question of earthly ordinances. The Gospel and Labor, or the question of culture classes. The Gospel and the Son of God, or the question of Christology. The Gospel and Doctrine, or the question of Confessions (as to religious creed.) The second main division merely considers the Christian religion as actually developed, in Apostolic times, in the early Catholicism, in the later Greek, Roman and Protestant communions. The distinguished author professes to have discovered the ground upon which Christians of all communions should be able to unite, and thus his work is "one of peace and of reconciliation." In fact, his published works up to this time have been received with much approbation by conservative bodies of Christians, owing to the way in which he has

met and confuted the pretensions of men like Strauss and Renan by showing the historical validity of the Gospels, as against their theories of myths and self-deception as practiced by the apostles upon themselves and others. All along, however, Harnack has professed to work upon purely scientific, i.e., rationalistic grounds; and now, when he comes at last to state his own personal views of the Gospel, it needs no great insight to perceive why the conservatives are aroused by his addresses. Yet the real question involved is not so much a question of doctrine as of philosophy. It is whether religion in its last analysis is to be regarded as a supernatural working in the world, or as merely a higher element in the universal and necessary order of nature. The opening sentences of this book are very striking and reveal Harnack's power in a flash. We quote from the last German edition. He says: "The great philosopher of positivism, John Stuart Mill, once said, 'Mankind can not be often enough reminded that there was once a man by the name of Socrates.'" He was right. But it is still more important to ever and again remind humanity that there has once stood among them a man by the name of Jesus Christ. From youth up, indeed, this fact is brought near to us; but, unhappily, one cannot say that the public instruction in our age is adapted to impress us deeply with the picture of Jesus Christ after our school days and cause us to hold it as a priceless possession. And if no human being who has once received a ray of that light in himself can ever again be as though he had never heard of Christ, if some impression remains in the ground of every soul once stirred by him, this confused memory, often only a 'superstition,' does not suffice to shape from it the elements of spiritual power and life. But the desire grows to know more and with more certitude about him, and if one seeks further knowledge of the matter, who Jesus Christ was, and how his message really was uttered, if he questions the literature of the day, he soon finds himself quite in a confusion of contradictory voices. He hears some who maintain that the original Christianity was nearly related to Buddhism, and accordingly he is told that the essentials and deep things of this religion are revealed in Asceticism and Pessimism. On the contrary, others assure him that Christianity is an optimistic religion, and can be comprehended only as a higher step in the development of Judaism, and these also think they have spoken out something very deep. Again others maintain, conversely, that Judaism was done away with in Christianity, but that the latter originated among secretly working Greek influences, and is to be regarded as a flower on

the tree of Hellenism. Religious philosophers arise to declare that the metaphysics which has developed out of the Gospel is its peculiar kernel and the revelation of its secret teaching. But others reply to these that the Gospel has nothing at all to do with philosophy, but rather is brought to seeking and suffering humanity and that philosophy has only been squeezed out of it. Finally, the very latest (school) on the ground comes up and assures us that all history of religion, morals and philosophy is merely shell and ornament; that behind them for all time lies the history of Political Economy as the only real and impelling force; so that Christianity was originally nothing but a social movement, and that Christ was a social Savior, a Savior of the suffering under classes (of society.) It is something annoying to see how every one with his own standpoint and view of interests wishes to rediscover Jesus Christ or to secure some advantage from him; the drama continually here comes back anew which was manifest in the gnosticism of the second century, and which is represented as a battle in all thinkable directions over the possession of Jesus Christ. Lately there have been brought before us not only Tolstoi's, but even Nietzsche's ideas in their special relationship with the Gospel, and probably something might be said concerning these more worthy of consideration than concerning the connection of many theological and philosophical speculations with Christ's preaching. But, taking all in all, still the impression that one obtains from these contradictory judgments is one of disappointment. The confusion seems hopeless. Whom can one find fault with, if after a few attempts to straighten himself, he gives up the business? And perhaps he adds to this that at bottom the question is of no value. What to us is the history of a person that lived nineteen hundred years ago? Our ideals and forces must be of the present. It is baroque, it is objectless to painfully develop oneself out of old manuscripts. Who speaks so is not wrong, but neither is he right. What we find and have, in the higher sense, we have out of history and in history, really in that which has had consequences and works on until today. Next, after citing Goethe and Carlyle to show that human culture cannot outgrow the Gospel, and that the spirit of Jesus Christ, though subject to change of outward form, is yet indestructible in the world, our author undertakes to answer the question, "What is Christianity?" from a historical and critical point of view, but without reference to any doctrinal or theoretical prepossessions. On inquiring for the material for his investigations he declares these to be simply "Jesus Christ and his Gospel," of which he seeks the essentials. He lays much emphasis upon the humanity of Christ, and says that the Savior and his disciples must be considered first of all as men who lived and wrought in an environment like ourselves. The Gospels are considered as being a proof of the impression made by Jesus Christ and his preaching upon his contemporaries. And thus, by sifting and resifting, somewhat in the style of Renan, and yet with a closer hold upon the foundations of fact than Renan ever

attained, and with more apparent reverence for Jesus, he draws out, in a way that is perhaps quite as much psychological as purely historical, the various elements that constitute his remarkable delineation of the historic Christ. After denying in toto the authenticity of the Fourth Gospel as a veritable history of the life and ministry of Christ, because of its apparent relationship to Neo-Platonism, the author strongly emphasizes the Gospel of St. Luke as a genuine attempt at a correct statement of the facts in regard to Jesus, based largely upon the previous writings of Matthew and Mark, because these were the most authentic form of the primitive tradition which was still attested by living witnesses. But just then he goes on to state his views to the effect that "there are no real miracles, that no one believes in them today, except it be in religion; and no one who is intelligent ever will believe in them for the future." So that so much of the Gospels may be set aside as due to the confused notions and mental limitations of the evangelists; and yet he contends that much may be learned from the accounts of the miracles as to the impression made by the Savior upon the multitudes, and that some of the miracles were real wonders, more or less similar to cases of healing in our own times by psychological influence. So he says, "it is quite conceivable that the lame may have walked, the deaf may have been made to hear and the dumb to talk." But of the greater miracles, he will not hear a word, whether in the Old or the New Testament, and he contends that Jesus himself did not stand upon them, but rather regarded them as a hindrance to his real mission, as when he said, "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe." Also as evidence that the recorded miracles were mostly delusions, he cites the statement that Jesus did no miracle in Nazareth "because of their unbelief." As to the miraculous conception of our Lord and his resurrection from the dead, both are quite excluded from the list of possibilities by the very terms of the author's scientific standpoint, which admits of no break in the order of nature, not even for the highest of all possible ends, a position which may be seriously questioned. But the real quality of Harnack's addresses can be best shown by a few more examples of his style. After elaborating his reasons for denying that Jesus in any serious degree owed his conceptions of religion to the Essenes, or his original way of putting things to the culture of the Greeks, he proceeds to characterize the Savior as follows: "He lived in religion, and it was to him like breathing in the fear of God; his whole life, all his feeling and thinking, was taken up in relation to God, and yet he never spoke like an enthusiast or a fanatic who only sees one glowing point, and to whom therefore the world and all that is in it vanishes away. He uttered his discourses and looked into the world with an eye fresh and clear for all the great and petty life that surrounded him. He announced that the gaining of the whole world signifies nothing, if the soul takes damage, and yet he remained cordial and participative toward all that lives. That is the most astonishing and the greatest thing."

(Continued in February.)

BANKS' SERMONS.

Vol. III.

INCORPORATED WITH CURRENT ANECDOTES.

No. 1.

The Covert from the Tempest.

"And a man shall be . . . a Covert from the tempest." Isa. 32:2.

He is a great artist indeed who can paint a picture with a single stroke of his brush, but that is what the writer has done in this case. What a splendid appeal it makes to the imagination, "A Covert from the Tempest." As you read, or listen to the words, you are suddenly taken from your surroundings, and find yourself far away in the desert, with little chance to hide if a storm should arise. You move on with the caravan over the lonely waste; when suddenly, there is a cry of alarm. You look backward over the path you have come, and you see a black cloud following you as though it were a hound on your track. With cries of fear, there is a rush for shelter. The dreaded sand-storm of the desert is at hand. Just then an overhanging rock which forms a cave large enough for men and beasts to hide is discovered. If it had not been for the storm you would have gone by over the desert sands, and never have noticed it. But never did rock look so beautiful as that. Never was a diamond so prized as that great upreaching rock with the cavern in its heart, into which you drag your frightened camel, and all find a covert from the tempest.

Or, it may be that another picture comes to your mind. You are on a voyage. About you is the waste of waters. The ship is beset by fierce winds, and the clouds black as night envelop her. She can make no headway, and is driven before the gale. The captain is in constant anxiety lest she be driven on the rocks of a dangerous coast, and be beaten to pieces. He does not know where he is, and he fears the coast more than he does the sea. But just then, when the storm is at its height, and your terror is beyond description, a harbor opens on the rocky coast-line, and you see that inside there is rest from the storm. The sailors use every endeavor to round the point, and go in through the mouth of the channel into the harbor. Once in the harbor all is quiet. You think the storm must have gone down, so calm and placid is the surface of the bay. But you know that outside it is as fierce as ever. You have found a covert from the tempest.

Surely I said rightly, that the writer of our text is a great artist, when, with one stroke of his brush, when with a single sentence, he could give us such a picture of Jesus Christ, our Savior, as a Covert from the storms of life. Christ Jesus took our place and stood between us and the storm which was aimed at our heads. Again we need to exert our imagination that we may get the real blessing which is meant for us in this text. When a caravan of travelers hides behind the rock in the desert, they are of course thankful and glad. But still, there is no tender feeling of love toward the rock, because they feel that the rock is insensible, and while it protects them from the storm, it does not itself feel the hurt of the storm. When the rain driven by the wind beats on the roof over your head, or dashes against your window-pane at night, you are glad that you are shut in out of the storm, and you are thankful for the roof and pane that protect you from the blast, and yet you have no love for the roof; you have no tender gratitude to the pane of glass, because while they are saving you from the drenching of the storm, you feel that they themselves are not suffering. So it is when you slip in out of the fierce storm on the sea, and find refuge in the harbor. You are thankful for it. You are grateful for that long line of rock, that says to the waves, "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther." But there is in your gratitude nothing of that tender love that melts the heart, because the rock has not suffered in your behalf though it has protected you. But when we come to use these figures suggested to us by our text as illustrating what Jesus Christ has done for us, we must clothe them upon with all the sensibilities of the tenderest and most perfect human heart. Christ had all the capabilities of suffering at their perfection. The more perfectly a man is a man; the more delicately attuned his entire human nature, the greater his power to enjoy or to suffer. Christ was humanity at high-water mark. He was humanity at its best. In Jesus no part of his nature had been deadened into insensibility by sin. Here was a perfect man. One who thrilled like the most delicate musical instrument to every touch of joy or pain. He it was who came to be our Covert from the tempest. It was this Christ, having all the majesty and glory of heaven, having all the human perfection of earth, with the nobility of God, and the delicate sensibility of the gentlest woman, who came and put himself between us and the poisonous, blighting simoon of the desert; who opened his own tender heart as a harbor into which we might flee when driven by the storm.

When we see Jesus so lonely that he cries out, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head," we must remember that he was bearing that loneliness that he might be a Covert for us in our homesick and lonely hours of life.

When we see Jesus crowned with thorns, or stripped and beaten until his tender flesh is gashed and bleeding by the bloody whips, we must see the loving One who put himself between us and the thorns and the whips that we might be healed by his stripes, and find in him our Covert.

When we see Christ hanging on the cross, suffering intolerable agony, yet praying for his enemies who are railing at him, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do!" we must see the most loving heart that the world has ever known willingly dying in our stead, that he might be our Covert from the tempest.

When we go with Joseph and Nicodemus, and those loving, but broken-hearted women to lay his body in the tomb in the garden, and then linger about, so pained that we cannot go away, until we see the angel come down out of the sky and roll away the stone from the sepulcher, and behold Christ coming forth, glorified in Resurrection triumph, we must know that he went into the grave for us, and that that broken grave is our Covert from the storm of doubt and despair.

Our Covert will never fail us. That was a terrible storm which Luke tells us about in the "Acts of the Apostles," which Paul experienced when, as a prisoner, he was on his way to Rome, but in the awful blackness of the night, when the storm was most fearful, and when everybody else had lost hope, Paul was praying to God. Then it was that Jesus sent his angel to stand by Paul on the doomed ship, and say to him: "Fear not, Paul; Lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee." All the darkness was gone for Paul after that. He went and gathered the despairing sailors together, and shouting to them above the roar of the storm, he told them the story of the angelic visit, and said, "Sirs, be of good cheer: for I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me." Christ loves us as well as he loved Paul, and we have just as good reason for trusting him, and for being sure that he will abide faithful, as our Covert from the storm, as had that brave and noble man.

As we come this morning to take again into our hands the emblems of Christ's broken body and shed blood, so freely given, as a propitiation for our sins, we ought to have our attention specially called to the greatest truth we can know, that Christ is the one Covert that shall shelter us from our sins, and from the just punishment that sin would bring upon us. There is no other Savior but Christ. "There is none other name given under heaven, or among men, whereby we can be saved." That is the one great theme for all our preaching. If we do not keep that before the world, then we are failing in the greatest mission of all. The late Bishop Whipple, who was such a benediction to the Indians of the Northwest, once told how he learned to preach. He said that when he was a very young man, he was over-confident of his theological attainments, and thought himself quite a philosopher. A friend asked him to preach in a church where he knew there would be a very distinguished Judge in the congregation. Young Whipple selected the sermon which he considered his best. The following day he met the Judge, who had known him from childhood, and, laying his hand earnestly on the young preacher's shoulder, as he supposed to commend his eloquence of the preceding day, the Judge said: "Henry, no matter how long you live, never preach that sermon again! I know more philosophy than you have learned; you must not try to preach to the Judge, but to the tempted, sinful man. Tell him of the love of Jesus Christ, and then you will help him."

A similar story is told of Daniel Webster. On one occasion he was making a long visit in the country and was careful to attend the little church at the country cross-roads every Sunday morning and evening. A fellow Senator who was visiting him, said to him: "Mr. Webster, I am surprised that you go twice on Sunday to hear a plain country preacher, when you pay little attention to far abler sermons in Washington." "In Washington," Mr. Webster replied, "they preach to Daniel Webster, the statesman, but this man has been telling Daniel Webster, the sinner, of Jesus of Nazareth, and it has been helping him." Our great message to all men, high or low, rich or poor, strong or weak, good or bad, is the same. It is to tell them of Jesus Christ, the one Covert into which they may come and be saved, and if I speak this morning to anyone that is conscious that you have backslidden from God until the storm of anxiety, and corroding care, and worldliness, is beating on your head, I want to assure you that the only Covert from the storm is in Jesus Christ. And if any one hears me who has never yet come into the shelter of those loving arms; who has never known the tender fellowship and friendship of Jesus Christ, let me point you now to the Christ wounded for your transgressions, bruised for your iniquities, smitten for your healing, killed that you might live, yet ever living to make intercession for you, and standing today with open arms, calling you from the storm into the covert of his heart's best love.

FEATHERED SHAFTS. (180)

Elocution has been described by some irrepressible boy as "the way people are put to death in some States."

Most men make the voyage of life as if they carried sealed orders which they were not to open till they were fairly in mid-ocean.—J. R. Lowell.

There are two kinds of folded hands—those that lie upon empty laps and those that lie upon finished work.—James Buckham.

Between the great things that we cannot do and the small things we will not do, the

danger is that we shall do nothing.—Adolphe Monod.

One ought to talk only as loud as he lives—a rule which would deprive some people of the privilege of shouting.—J. Wilbur Chapman.

* * *

Teacher: "What made you so late?"

Tommy: "I had to wait for ma to wrap up a bundle for me to leave at Mrs. Brown's."

Teacher: "Surely, it didn't take your mother nearly an hour to do that?"

Tommy: "Yes'm. You see, the paper she was wrappin' it up in had a love story in it."